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EDITORIAL

THE POLISH CONCORDAT

The Polish workers' struggle has survived some formidable foes: an unyielding local Communist bureaucracy, a hegemonic Soviet imperium and intemperate American opportunism. But it now may be decapitated—literally—by its own best friend, Pope John Paul II. It is difficult to discern the details of the Pope's deal with Poland, hidden as they are by the Vatican's fine Roman hand and twisted by Byzantine reason, but it seems that the church is bidding to assert its stabilizing influence there in return for the soul of Solidarity and the head of Lech Walesa.

Americans often miss the point of Catholic power in European politics. The church is not simply a moral missionary. It is a political presence—with its Christian Democratic parties, its media, schools and social organizations. The church has stabilized Italian society for thirty-five years (the Christian Democrats are the longest-ruling party in Western Europe), in de facto partnership with the Italian Communists. Catholic power has prospered by accommodation—with the Nazis and the Fascists in their day.

The Pope may have convinced the Polish Communists that the church can play a similar role in a Soviet bloc country, this time as the junior partner, but with a big and manipulable base. It is significant that John Paul offered to fund a massive agricultural development program for Poland; it was the low productivity of farming and the farmers' extravagant privileges that formed a crucial context for the workers' revolt.

In order for the scheme to work, Solidarity would have to give up its independence and pledge allegiance to the Catholic "party" (that is, an opposition presence) in Poland. Walesa, the symbol of rebellion, would be sacrificed. The proposed concordat may look like a plan for peace; but it may bring more repression than liberty, and abort the promise of independence.

U.S. AID TO
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Christopher
Hitchens

THE LITTON
CAMPAIGN
Lance Compa

REAGAN'S
SAVE-THE-
BABE RULE
Art Jahnke
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SAMIZDAT ON
PEACE
Milan Simecka

FAMILY
FEUDIN'
Jane O'Reilly

THE AIR-LINE
TO SEATTLE'
Tom Chaffin

ATOMIC-BOMB TEST SECRETS
PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

THE HUMAN GUINEA PIGS AT BIKINI

PHILIP H. MELANSON

Several months ago a remarkable set of papers was discovered in the library of the University of California at Los Angeles by Anthony Guarisco, a 55-year-old former Navy man who was stationed on Bikini Atoll, in the Pacific, during atomic bomb tests in 1946, and who now suffers medical problems he believes were caused by radiation exposure. The documents had belonged to Army Col. Stafford Warren, chief radiological safety officer for the Manhattan Project and later for the Bikini tests.

The Warren papers, consisting largely of his official correspondence, number over one thousand pages. Most of the material was classified "TOP SECRET" or "SECRET" until the Atomic Energy Commission declassified them in 1965. Following Warren's death two years ago, his widow donated the documents to U.C.L.A., where Guarisco, research director of the National Association of Atomic Veterans, found them. NAAV, a group of former servicemen who had been exposed to atomic radiation, obtained duplicates, and its archivist, Sandra Marlow, gave me copies of more than a hundred pages of key, nontechnical documents in the collection.

The Warren papers were first made public in May at House Veterans' Affairs Investigations Subcommittee hearings on the medical effects of the atomic tests. Scientists from the International Radiation Research and Training Institute (which had also obtained copies from NAAV) offered an analysis of them as evidence that the Veterans Administration should provide disability benefits to ailing military personnel who had participated in atomic tests. Although

(Continued on Page 48)

LETTERS.

SCAPEGOATING SYRIA

New York City

I am pleased to see the late Issam Sartawi's article, "Bring the P.L.O. Into the Process," in the June 18 *Nation*. And "The Sands Run Out in Lebanon," by Yahya Sadowski, in the same issue, is one of the most direct and informative pieces *The Nation* has had on the Middle East. Although Sadowski seems to understand and admit several facts about Israel that others will not, I regret to say he seems to find in Syria a convenient scapegoat. Syria's right to the Golan, for example, is not addressed, yet those of us familiar with the area know it is a critical issue for any Syrian negotiation. He calls for Syrian flexibility, Israeli restraint and American prudence. That, I think, is sheer arrogance. What about Israel's flexibility? It has shown none whatsoever. We must stop making certain assumptions about Israel's rights. I would call for Israel's flexibility and morality, and for Syria's restraint. There is a big difference.

While I welcome these analyses in *The Nation*, I would like to see some show of interest in the 7,000 Lebanese and Palestinian prisoners Israel now holds under illegal and immoral conditions. For a journal that takes such interest in the rights of prisoners, why is there silence on this issue? I think *The Nation* has an obligation here, if it is the kind of journal it claims to be. *Barbara Nimri Aziz*

PALESTINIAN NONVIOLENCE

Berkeley, Calif.

The Nation's editorial on the possibilities of "nonviolent political warfare" to secure the rights of Palestinians ["Gandhi in Gaza," May 28] is most welcome. Nonviolence and nonviolent action do constitute, as the editorial says, "one potent option left" for these disenfranchised people. One must also agree with, and deplore, the lack of leadership in nonviolent action among the Palestinians (or among anyone else, for that matter). But two important assumptions made in the editorial are quite wrong.

The first is that the possibility of nonviolent action depends upon the fact that "Israel is still a democracy." The British raj in India was not democratic—neither was Nazi Germany. But the fact is that nonviolent resistance worked quite well against the Nazis both within Germany (Berlin, 1943) and without (Denmark, southern France and elsewhere). (For the former, see Mahadevan, Sharp and Roberts, *Civilian Defense: An Introduction*; for the latter, Hannah Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem* and Philip Hallie, *Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed*.)

The second assumption is that nonviolent action is simply civil disobedience. The repertoire of techniques that grow out of a commitment to active and positive, creative and empathetic nonviolence—as distinguished from mere abstention from violence

for moral or strategic reasons—is much greater, and includes, for example, Gandhi's elaborate "constructive programme," under which people acted as if they had already achieved independence.

Even modest nonviolence among the Palestinians would do not only them but the world an enormous service. So, needless to say, would some nonviolent leadership by the Israelis. But would the world recognize it if it occurred? *Michael N. Nagler*

PSYCHOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVES

Brookline, Mass.

I read the article by Samuel Bowles, David M. Gordon and Thomas E. Weisskopf ["'Industrial Policy'—Now the Bad News," *The Nation*, June 4] with great interest and, eventually, with increasing sorrow and disappointment. Here are three people of fine intellect and humane passion whose proposals have little chance of being widely heard, much less implemented. Why? And why do they not even address the obstructing forces?

A major omission in their analysis (it is a common one) is a discussion of the reasons Americans are so reluctant and unable to question the shibboleths that, more than written laws, organize their polity. More specifically, the authors fail to note the complex passions that make our culture so materialistic. The absence of this psychological perspective necessarily precludes discussion of the penchant of even working-class Americans to accept the ideology and rhetoric of capitalism, based as it is on guilt and the violence of possessiveness. These feelings are the basis of broad popular support for radically militarist, pro-business rulers like Thatcher and Reagan. And they are also the basis of the dynamic that carries us from Ford to Carter to Reagan to Glenn in a steady narrowing of political reality and choice, which challenges the idols of productivity and profit less and less.

Six months ago *The Nation* carried an article by Earl Shorris ["Of Politics and Death's Dominion," Jan. 15] that began to address the spiritual roots of the country's political morass. More discussion in that vein is desperately needed if we are to understand and begin to reverse the somnambulant morbidity of our society. I urge all those who seek a humane and progressive polity to read Norman O. Brown's *Life Against Death*, to gain a clear view of the obstacles confronting us. It would be a tragedy indeed if the shallow positivism that so often passes for psychology in America were to blind progressive forces to the crucial political insights that a genuine psychoanalytical perspective affords. *Eugene Narrett*

RILKE'S NATIONALITY

Cottage Grove, Ore.

The headline of the review of *The Selected Poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke* states that

Rilke is "... A German Poet of Eternity" [Rika Lesser, *The Nation*, May 21]. Rilke is a poet of eternity, but I must quibble about the nationality you ascribe to him. Rilke was born in Prague, which was then the capital of Bohemia (part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire), and did not have German ancestry. He spent most of his life in Paris (where he was greatly influenced by the art of Rodin) and Switzerland, when he was not wandering through Italy, Russia, North Africa, Spain and Scandinavia.

Yes, Rilke wrote mostly in German and his publisher was German. But, influenced by the poetry of Paul Valéry, he wrote more than 400 poems in French. Yes, he was a part of the German culture of his time, but he came to that culture as a foreigner.

As Lesser points out, Rilke "quickened the German language" and "breathed new life into the verse forms of his day." But to label Rilke a German poet is to set limits on his wide, clear vision and on an understanding of that vision. *Kay Boyle*

BARANSKAYA NOVELLA

Roslyn, N.Y.

Concerning Natalya Baranskaya's *A Week Like Any Other*, which was mentioned in Karen Rosenberg's review of *Moscow Women: Thirteen Interviews* ["Where's Dinner, Comrade?" *The Nation*, May 28]: readers may be interested to know that this excellent, illuminating novella is available in English in my translation in the Autumn 1974 *Massachusetts Review*. *Emily Lehrman*

BARKER EMENDS

London

Thanks for the interesting review of *The Other Britain*, the collection of essays from *New Society* that I edited [Virginia Cannon, "Book Notes," *The Nation*, April 16]. But I would like to set one point straight. When I wrote, "You can see why some might vote for fascist candidates," I was not writing about the plight of Britain's Asian population. It would have been very odd if I were. I was trying to extend some sympathy to aging whites in some inner-city areas who are caught in the middle of a social change they had no reason to expect.

Incidentally, the book didn't seek to portray only the bleaker side of Britain, as Cannon perhaps implies. Asians, for example, constitute one of the entrepreneurial pillars of our cities now. To quote my introduction: "Britain has more sides to it, and more strengths, than it is currently fashionable to acknowledge."

Paul Barker
Editor, *New Society*

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double-spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Letters may be edited for reasons of space.

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EDITORIALS.

Vetoes and Votes

The legislative veto is a political widget, a Rube Goldberg contraption which releases Congress from a hook, suspends a knife blade over the President's head and provides legislative skids that special interest groups can grease. In one typical application, Congress will vote to let the President do something horrible—e.g., send troops to fight in tiny Third World countries—but retain the option of vetoing that action at

the last minute. In another situation, corporate lobbies will allow Congress to pass consumer protection laws in general as long as it keeps a veto ready for particular cases.

The Supreme Court ruled June 23 that the legislative veto is unconstitutional. It's a decision that both heartens and worries liberals and conservatives, depending on which veto worked for their interests. For at bottom, the decision does not upset constitutional powers but removes a political tool for compromise which has been used to thwart the public interest domestically and protect it internationally. Now a better widget will have to be made.

■ Last month, the Supreme Court reaffirmed its 1973 *Roe v. Wade* decision guaranteeing the right to abortion by outlawing the City of Akron's elaborate anti-abortion regulations. The ruling is a setback for the zealots in the Right to Life movement, who will now have to resort to a constitutional amendment to ban abortion. They are fanatical enough to fight long and hard for it. But Senator Orrin Hatch's version of such an amendment was defeated last week, and for the time being at least, legalized fetal personhood is only a distant nightmare.

As usual, however, the religious right has another weapon up its sleeve, untouched by the Supreme Court's ruling. Every year since 1978, Congress has passed the Hyde amendment, which denies Federal funding for abortions, as a rider to various appropriations bills. Only fourteen states give Medicaid money to poor women who want to terminate their pregnancies, and eight states have passed laws to choke off funds from insurance companies as well. The Supreme Court's decision is certainly a strong affirmation of abortion rights—but only for women who can afford them.

■ U.N. ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick is a proud practitioner of open immorality openly arrived at. In recent weeks, her delegation has bucked world opinion on such controversial subjects as human bondage, popular democracy and famine. First, the United States was the sole dissenter in a 50-to-1 vote authorizing the Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC) to prepare a study "on the right to adequate food as a human right." The U.S. spokesperson explained that it was "questionable that the right to food was a human right."

Next, the United States cast the only vote—out of fifty-one—against distribution of ECOSOC's "Report on Slavery." The spokesperson explained that the study was "wasteful." In another case, the United States was the only country—out of fifty—to oppose an ECOSOC investigation of popular participation in politics (i.e., democratic voting rights) "as an important factor in the full realization of all human rights."

There's a long record of American timidity on human rights questions raised in international forums. But at least on previous occasions U.S. representatives admitted feeling guilty about their votes. Now, they're proud of them. As an American diplomat who was asked about the recent anti-human-rights votes said curtly, "We vote the way we believe."

Freedom to Read?

After Harper & Row and *Reader's Digest* sued *The Nation* for running a news story about President Ford's memoirs prior to their official publication day, Harper & Row chairman Brooks Thomas participated in a debate sponsored by the Freedom to Write Committee of the PEN American Center and asserted that there was no First Amendment issue involved—that it was merely a "test case" under the new copyright act.

Then, on February 16, Federal District Court Judge Richard Owen handed down his seven-page opinion. Judge Owen found against *The Nation* on the odd ground that what we had published was insufficiently newsworthy to justify what he deemed a breach of the copyright laws. He declined to consider *The Nation's* argument that the story was well within the limits of the "fair use" doctrine since we only quoted 229 copyrightable words in a 2,250-word article about Ford's 200,000-word book.

We appealed the District Court ruling, and the case is scheduled to be heard in September by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit. At that time, our attorneys, Floyd Abrams of Cahill Gordon & Reindel, Leon Friedman and the American Civil Liberties Union, will argue our view that courts should not intrude on journalistic judgment by deciding what is or is not "news."

We would like to report that *The New York Times*, joined by *The New York Review of Books*, *Scientific American*, *The Progressive* and the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, has filed a friend-of-the-court brief in our behalf. We welcome them to the fray.

The Times's brief provides an instructive list of books on which it ran news stories prior to publication: John Dean's *Blind Ambition*, Richard Nixon's *Memoirs* and John Ehrlichman's *Witness to Power*, among others. The brief makes a sensible point: "When the press learns of newsworthy material contained in a soon-to-be-published book about controversial public events, the decision to publish an article about it is as routine as it is when newsworthy information comes from other sources."

Harper & Row and *Reader's Digest*, apparently realizing that if the appeals court agreed with this argument they would not only lose the case but stand exposed as placing commerce above First Amendment rights, swung into action. They went to court and requested that all such references to the real world of journalism be stricken from *The Times's* brief. Then they went before the Freedom to Read Committee of the Association of American Publishers, whose chairman is none other than Harper & Row's Brooks Thomas (who is also an ex officio member of the committee), and asked that it file an amicus brief arguing that no First Amendment issue is raised by the case.

Such a brief must counter the arguments advanced not only by *The Nation* and *The Times* but by PEN, which has also filed an appeals brief in our behalf. We may be biased, but defending the First Amendment seems an appropriate thing for an authors' organization like PEN to do, while hunting up arguments as to why it does not apply seems an odd enterprise for a publishers' Freedom to Read Committee. Still, we look forward to reading the latter's views and are curious to learn just what great principle will be invoked to justify putting its considerable prestige on the line in what could well end up being a landmark decision with troubling constitutional implications. We trust that the A.A.P. committee will prove to our and its members' satisfaction that the corporate bottom line has not taken precedence over free speech.

If any members of the A.A.P. should have reservations

about its findings, but don't want to violate the Old Boy network by objecting, we have a suggestion. At the association's next meeting they might ask the Freedom to Read Committee to change its name to the Freedom to Read Everything Except the News That Former Public Officials Wish to Withhold for Private Profit, and That a Federal Judge Considers Not Fit to Print, Committee.

Vietnam South

"**T**his entire area is Vietnamized," said Lieut. Camilo Salvatierras. He was pointing on the map to an area north of Chajul in the highlands of Quiché Province in Guatemala. Lieutenant Salvatierras explained that "Vietnamized" means that "guerrillas have politicized the population."

In the town of Nebaj, a Captain Hernandez told me, "The guerrilla is the peasant himself. We can't tell who they are." Hanging on the wall behind him was a map of Guatemala. Although it was partially covered with a red cloth, I could see the words "Hanoi," "Saigon" and "Angola" printed in large letters. When I asked Hernandez about the names, he replied, "Oh, you were not supposed to see that. That's why it's covered. It refers to military areas."

The use of Vietnam War terminology by these local commanders is no coincidence. The officers I spoke with during a recent visit to the Guatemalan highlands believe that the tactics the United States used in the Vietnam War are applicable to their counterinsurgency effort against the guerrillas. They say the United States could have won its war if it had shown more resolve, and they are convinced they can win theirs. "We are a poor army, but we are strong like steel," Captain Hernandez boasted.

Since the coup that brought Gen. Efraín Ríos Montt to power, the army feels it has the support to carry out a drastic pacification program, under which peasants are driven from their homes and resettled in "model villages." The goal is to make them fit the military's needs by transforming them into docile citizens. Captain Hernandez called it a re-education process: "Before we return them to their communities, they will be changed; they will have new knowledge. We cannot change them radically, though; they persist in some of their habits and customs."

The highlands, where the Indians have lived for centuries, are under military control. In Quiché Province, I saw soldiers everywhere—in the villages, along the roads and at checkpoints, where they question everyone who enters or leaves the province. At a bend in the road leading to the provincial capital of Santa Cruz del Quiché, dilapidated buses and peasants on foot wait in long lines. Each person must present his or her papers to the soldiers, who painstakingly record each name in large ledgers.

On the twelve-mile stretch between the towns of Nebaj and Chajul, I saw only two houses that were inhabited. All the others had been abandoned or burned to the ground. When I asked an officer what had happened to them, he said, "What homes? Where exactly?" Finally, he reluctant-

ly admitted that the army had probably burned them down. I asked him where the people who had lived in the houses had gone. "They are either in Nebaj, Cotzal or Chajul," he told me. Those towns are located at the three corners of the Ixil triangle, now a site of limited guerrilla activity as a result of the pacification program.

Officers I spoke with refused to divulge how many government troops were in the area, but a group of soldiers sitting on the steps of the abandoned Catholic church in Nebaj, their Israeli-made Galil automatic rifles at their sides, told me there are about 1,200 of them in Nebaj, which they said has a population of 3,000. The little town now resembles a fort. The central square is surrounded by sandbagged sentry posts. The soldiers said that about the same number of men are stationed in Chajul and Cotzal.

Outside Nebaj, 3,000 Indians live in several model villages, the largest of which is called New Life—the same name given to one of the rural pacification programs in Vietnam. New Life is built beside a hill. Soldiers are bivouacked above the camp, and there are guard towers and loudspeakers. The village was built as part of the pacification program, called "Roof, Tortillas and Work." Under the first part of the program, the government distributes materials with which the Indians build one-room shacks. The roofs of these shelters are corrugated tin. The walls, made of wooden poles, are lined with plastic sheeting to keep out the wind and rain.

As for the "work" part, the peasants are conscripted to construct roads and airfields for military uses. In the long run, the government plans to transform Guatemalan agriculture from subsistence farming (maize and beans) to export-oriented crops such as fruit, thus making the Indians more dependent on the government and less able to provide aid to the guerrillas.

Those who work on the roads receive \$2.50 a day, but those engaged in general public works are paid in "tortillas"—actually corn and beans—donated by the United Nations' World Food Program.

I asked a young woman at New Life how she had gotten there.

"The army brought us."

"What if you had refused to come?"

"We would have died of hunger."

"Why?"

"Because we could no longer make fires to cook our food. They would have been detected by the army. We were afraid of the army. They would kill you. Even if they found you walking along the road, they would kill you."

"Did the army burn your crops?"

"No, they burned the houses. The *milpas* [cornfields] they cut down with machetes."

"Do the people here want to go home?"

"Some do. Others—I don't know."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Well, they [the army] say that we will go back. But not until the road is finished."

BEATRIZ MANZ

Beatriz Manz, a Chilean anthropologist who teaches at Tufts University, has been doing research in Guatemala since 1973.

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

It takes an effort of imagination to grasp it because the images seem so recent and so contemporary, but it will soon be the tenth anniversary of the murder of Salvador Allende and the tenth anniversary of the slaughter of Chilean democracy. Can it be that long since the air force jets were wheeling over La Moneda palace; since the stadium was crammed with prisoners; since the finest people in the political culture were locked up, shot down or driven out? (Perhaps it seems like yesterday because the same things are still going on—also with the sponsorship of the United States government—in other parts of South and Central America.) Anyway, Pinochet's barren and brutish regime has racked up ten years. The occasion is being celebrated in various ways. The Chilean working class has greeted it with a monthly, mounting fiesta of contempt and defiance. The Chilean university population—much of which was in grade school when the fascist order was proclaimed—has done likewise. I don't doubt that his holiness the Pope contemplates an early statement about the dignity of labor. Even the Chilean Christian Democrats, who coluded in the overthrow of the Popular Unity government in 1973, have joined the swell of protest against the dictatorship. The State Department, having helped to widow her in the first place, has denied a visa to Mrs. Allende. And Ronald Reagan's Administration, not to be outdone, has chimed in with a substantial loan, behind the back of Congress, to the bankrupt and discredited regime.

"Bankrupt" and "discredited" are common enough terms in the political lexicon. They usually signify some opinion about the moral character of a system. In this case, though, they have the additional merit of being literally true. Chile is bankrupt, and it has exhausted its credit. This is entirely the fault of its government, whose policy of repressive deflation and police-state monetarism has beggared (along with much else) the national treasury.

Pinochet is a bad loan risk in his own right. But Congress has attached certain further stipulations to the granting of any aid to his benighted government. The International Security Assistance and Arms Control Export Act, passed in 1976, was the first curtailment to be applied. In 1981, Congress passed the International Security and Development Cooperation Act, which prohibits assistance to Chile unless the President certifies that there is "significant human rights progress" in that country; unless the Chilean government halts its international terrorism and unless it takes steps to deliver to justice those who murdered Orlando Letelier and Ronni Moffitt in Washington in 1976. The Chilean junta has laughed at all these criteria: most recently and most flagrantly by refusing to comply with the order of a U.S. court that it pay \$5 million in compensation to the Letelier and Moffitt families.

In the last few years, American aid to Chile has been reduced if not almost terminated. The slack, if that is the word, has been taken up by a bunch of private bankers. A short while ago, Senators Edward Kennedy and William Proxmire wrote Secretary of the Treasury Donald Regan

urging that no loans be made to the disintegrating Pinochet regime or to the private banking interests that have been sustaining it. The Senators alleged that an effort to do so was under consideration. Regan did not deign to reply personally, but after a lapse of three weeks Assistant Secretary for Legislative Affairs W. Dennis Thomas wrote as follows:

Secretary Regan has asked me to respond to your letter of May 4 expressing your concerns over reports about a possible 400 million dollar loan to the government of Chile from the Exchange Stabilization Fund. While the possibility of a short term "bridging" loan from the United States has been raised by Chile and mentioned in the press no such loan has been extended or is under consideration.

Now, how does that square with a document recently exuded by the Bank Advisory Committee for Chile, a consortium of bailers-out which includes the Bank of America, the Bankers Trust Company, Chase Manhattan (natch), Citibank and Manufacturers Hanover? The paper (which for the sake of tedious authenticity I shall report is labeled 17412-00001X14, and dated April 28, 1983) has this to say to bankers who might be concerned at the deliquescence of Chilean credit:

The following is a statement from the U.S. monetary authorities indicating their financial support for Chile: "It might be helpful for you to know that the U.S. government has recently approved a program for Chile involving 144 million dollars in Commodity Credit Corporation guarantees and 50 million in Export-Import Bank guarantees. The Commodity Credit Corporation guarantees have been formally authorized and the Export-Import Bank guarantees will be acted upon shortly. We expect financing under these guarantees to be fully disbursed this year."

Where does this leave W. Dennis Thomas, resplendent in his authority as Assistant Secretary for Legislative Affairs? Both the Commodity Credit Corporation and the Export-Import Bank are agencies of the U.S. government. It is true that the Commodity Credit Corporation comes under the Department of Agriculture and that the Ex-Im Bank is a nominally independent government agency, but Thomas says in his letter "the United States," not "the United States Treasury." My efforts to reach Thomas were unavailing; I was diverted to a spokesman's office, where I was told that the Treasury Department has only one program of aid to Chile, which is (I am not making this up) "food for peace."

The utter failure of Pinochet is proof, both present and retrospective, of the no less utter fatuity of Kirkpatrickism. He ought not to have a friend in the world, but he still enjoys, and depends upon, the protection of the U.S. government. It seems almost irrelevant, after this record of shame, to say that on top of everything else he cannot pay his bills. But it's worth pointing out, even if only as a coda, that the self-proclaimed realists among our native hard-liners have got it wrong again. A decade of "authoritarianism" in Chile doesn't seem even to have amounted to a paying proposition, which doesn't mean the U.S. taxpayer isn't going to be asked to pay for it.

July 9-16, 1983

ARTICLES.

■ THE LITTON CAMPAIGN

How to Fight a Unionbusting Conglomerate

LANCE COMPA

After a decade of fighting desperate rear-guard actions, American unions are taking the offensive. A multi-union effort to stop unfair labor practices by Litton Industries, a Beverly Hills-based conglomerate, could signal the resurgence of an aggressive brand of trade unionism that has been largely dormant since the 1930s. A dozen national workers' groups are reviving old tactics and creating new forms of struggle in a campaign against Litton.

The union coalition, which includes the United Automobile Workers, the United Steelworkers, the International Association of Machinists (I.A.M.), the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (I.U.E.), the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (I.B.E.W.), the United Electrical Workers (U.E.), the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the Graphic Communications International Union and the Coalition of Labor Union Women, has targeted Litton as the J.P. Stevens of the 1980s—only it regards the California giant as a far worse offender. Stevens's unionbusting was a throwback to nineteenth-century capitalism; it embarrassed the corporate community, brought down the wrath of the Federal courts and ended when company officials were threatened with imprisonment for contempt if they didn't settle with the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union. Litton, on the other hand, is seen as being in the avant-garde of a movement to create a union-free environment for business in the twenty-first century.

Formed in the mergermania of the 1960s, Litton has interests in a dozen industries making hundreds of products. It has a special team of antiunion consultants working full time. By manipulating Federal labor laws and evading the often weak sanctions imposed by the National Labor Relations Board, the company has systematically attempted to rid itself of existing unions at some of its plants and to crush organizing campaigns at the rest. Litton claims that its conduct is no worse than that of any other large company, and that it enjoys good relations with the unions at most of its organized facilities. The facts belie that claim. A study by Cornell University Prof. Charles Craypo puts Litton "head and shoulders above" similar companies in the volume and

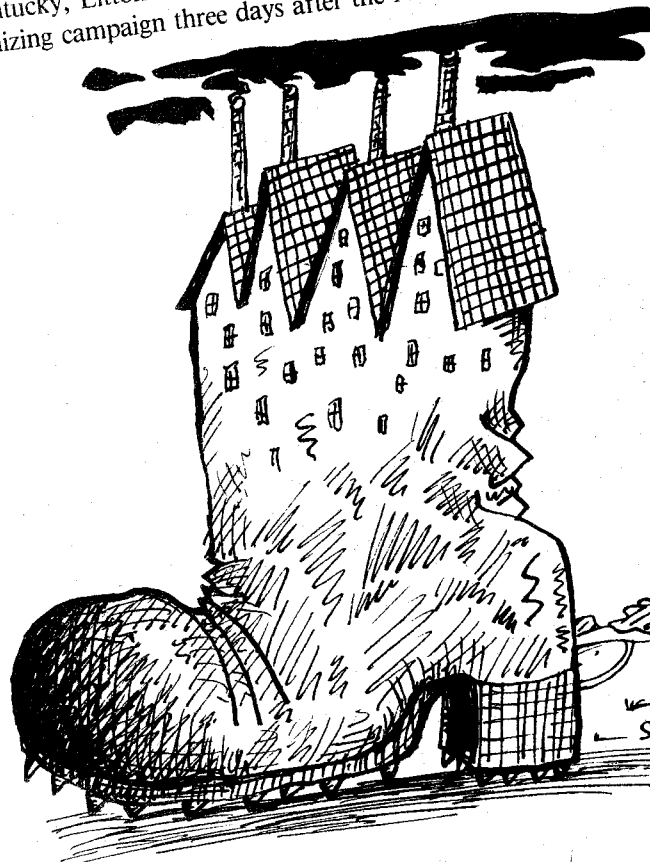
scope of its labor abuses. But that makes Litton only the worst of a bad lot. The tactics the company has used in its pursuit of union-free status are common among American employers.

In the last three years there have been a number of union-busting incidents at Litton-owned factories:

§ At the Triad-Utrad plant in Huntington, Indiana, the company fired four workers who were trying to organize a local of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers. It said it would close the plant if the union was certified, and it spied on union supporters and threatened them with physical violence. On the eve of a National Labor Relations Board trial on these charges, the company settled the case, agreeing to reinstate the workers with back pay and promising to refrain from using such tactics in the future. (Four times in the past fifteen years Litton had made similar promises—and had broken them all.) By the time of the settlement, a year after the events that gave rise to the N.L.R.B. trial, the organizing effort was dead.

§ In February 1980, after a spirited Aluminum Workers Union organizing campaign led mainly by black women workers at the Jefferson Electric plant in Athens, Alabama, the union won an election. The company fired the top organizers, shifted other union supporters to the dirtiest jobs, vowed it would close the plant rather than agree to a contract and fired two supervisors who refused to obey orders to "get rid" of the union activists. Bargaining proved futile, and in August 1982, employees voted to decertify the union.

§ At another Jefferson Electric plant, in Williamstown, Kentucky, Litton fired the woman leader of an I.B.E.W. organizing campaign three days after the N.L.R.B. certified the



Lance Compa works for one of the unions representing Litton workers.

results of an election that the union lost by three votes. The organizer had gained a reputation for challenging Litton's consultants in antiunion meetings workers were forced to attend.

§ In September 1980, after a three-year organizing campaign led largely by women, workers at the Litton microwave oven plant in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, voted for representation by the U.E. Since then Litton has stonewalled in contract negotiations and has fired three union leaders. The workers are still without a contract while awaiting the decision in a National Labor Relations Board trial that took ten months.

§ At the New Britain Machine plant in Connecticut, Local 1021 of the machinists' union felt forced to call a strike after the company demanded it surrender seniority rights and let management unilaterally set wage rates on redefined job classifications. The strike lasted eight months.

§ Management at a Santa Clara, California, plant in Litton's financial printing division refused to negotiate with the printers' union for two years after workers voted that it represent them. In spite of an N.L.R.B. final order that it bargain with the union, Litton closed the plant.

§ At the McBee Systems plant in Athens, Ohio, the company initiated a decertification campaign and withdrew recognition from the Graphic Arts International, violating the terms of a settlement reached in an earlier N.L.R.B. complaint over the same tactic.

§ At the Litton microwave oven plant in Minneapolis, the company has repudiated portions of its contract with the U.E., refused to abide by arbitration decisions that favored the union and transferred hundreds of jobs to Sioux Falls. The company took those actions without bargaining with or providing relevant information to the Minneapolis local.

Those are only some of the more recent disputes. Litton's antiunion record stretches back to the early 1960s, when Tex Thornton, Roy Ash and other "whiz kids" began building the conglomerate. Nearly fifty formal complaints against Litton divisions have been filed with the N.L.R.B. over the years, most of them involving multiple counts of unlawful activity. In nearly half the complaints, the company was found guilty. More than a dozen were settled before trial, and the company agreeing to take remedial action. In five cases the board ruled in the company's favor. The rest of the complaints, including most of those just described, are still pending. In contrast, seventeen separate cases were enough to make J.P. Stevens the country's most notorious labor law violator in the 1970s.

With fourteen different international unions representing more than thirty of the company's eighty principal plants around the country, labor's awareness of the Litton record is growing in developing. The union at a Litton-owned plant in North Carolina had a problem with management but was unaware of the company's antiunion tactics until it was tangling with the company at other Litton facilities were tangling with the company. Moreover, because the National Labor Relations Board has no centralized file on its investigations of companies, an N.L.R.B. regional office processing un-

fair labor practice charges against a Litton subsidiary had no way of knowing that other offices were handling similar cases involving other subsidiaries.

A conference called by the Industrial Union Department (I.U.D.) of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. in October 1981 was the first step in planning joint activity by Litton unions. Since then, a series of hard-hitting actions have developed into a national campaign to stop Litton's labor lawbreaking.

In April 1982, several hundred members of the Coalition of Labor Union Women protested at Litton's Beverly Hills headquarters against the company's unionbusting and its sacking of women organizers. In July and August, union supporters rallied at N.L.R.B. regional offices throughout the country to back up a formal union request that the board institute a strong, company-wide approach in dealing with Litton. It is clear that the company can evade the board's present piecemeal remedies by delaying tactics or, ultimately, by closing down the affected plant.

Hundreds of Litton workers and their supporters demonstrated outside the annual shareholders' meeting last December. A shareholder resolution criticizing Litton's labor relations (which the company had fought to keep off the agenda) was sharply debated at the meeting, though it was eventually voted down. Rallies were held early this year at the offices of board members from Stanford, George Washington University and the University of Southern California.

The Litton campaign took another step forward in April when the House Subcommittee on Labor-Management Relations heard testimony on the company's record of labor law violations. The hearing dealt with legislation introduced by Representative Paul Simon of Illinois that would bar consistent labor law violators from receiving Federal contracts. Such a "debarment bill" was passed by the House in 1977 as part of a labor law reform bill that was filibustered to death in the Senate. I.U.D. president Howard Samuel, I.A.M. president William Winpisinger, I.U.E. president William Bywater and other union leaders joined rank-and-file Litton workers (and one of the supervisors fired for defying orders to get rid of union supporters at Jefferson Electric) to testify in favor of the debarment bill.

Litton is especially vulnerable to such a penalty: one fourth of its \$5 billion in sales in 1982 were to the Defense Department. That figure is expected to rise with Litton's recent acquisition of the Itek Corporation and of Martin Marietta's laser weapons systems division, International Laser Systems. (The latter acquisition will be a bonanza for Litton if President Reagan's Star Wars proposals for using lasers in space get off the ground.) Litton argues that the debarment bill would cost workers their jobs, but union analysts are confident that, faced with a cutoff of its defense contracts, Litton would quickly come into compliance with the law and seek to settle its disputes with the unions.

For the unions battling Litton, there is much more at stake than in the usual labor-management dispute. The outcome of the Litton campaign will demonstrate whether a group of unions can unite in a coalition and take on a modern conglomerate. If they can, they will have forged a powerful weapon for other such battles, which

the labor movement will face in the coming years.

Conglomerates have become the dominant form of corporate organization. When we hear "conglomerate," we usually think of hybrid firms like Litton, Gulf & Western and Textron, but today many old-line companies have diversified into fields unrelated to their original business: steel companies have gone into petroleum, oil companies into retail stores, chemical companies into meatpacking. Unless unions devise new tactics in response to today's corporate structures, their bargaining power will be greatly reduced. While unions in one industry strike, workers in other industries will continue to pump profits into corporate headquarters.

Also, since many large conglomerates have multinational interests, American workers must reach out to overseas workers—including those in the left-wing unions of Europe, South America, Asia and Africa. Only trade union unity on a global scale can compete with the power of multinational corporations.

The Litton campaign also has the potential to unite trade unions, the women's movement, the civil rights movement, the peace movement and other activist forces in a struggle against the unchecked exercise of corporate power. Women workers, particularly black women, have borne the brunt of the company's unionbusting. Litton's contract to build the cruise missile guidance system and its history of cost overruns and improper accounting procedures at the Ingalls Shipyard in Pascagoula, Mississippi, have made it a target for critics ranging from nuclear freeze supporters to retired Adm. Hyman Rickover. Litton's attitude toward environmentalism is summed up in the statement of a plant manager at Jefferson Electric's Athens, Alabama, facility who denied entry to investigators from the Environmental Protection Agency, citing Litton's corporate policy against cooperating with E.P.A. inspections: "Reagan's getting rid of two thirds of the Federal bureaucracy so the country can get on to the business of making a living. Aren't they getting rid of your agency?" And the company's plant closings and product line relocations, often in connection with union organizing activities, make clear the need for democratic controls over investment decisions.

The national Litton movement is growing rapidly. Trade unionists and their allies realize that it is now or never for the development of an effective force to counter the power of multinational corporations. The campaign is proceeding on several fronts. On the legislative front, it is working for passage of the debarment bill; on the legal front, it is demanding that the N.L.R.B. fashion corporate-wide remedies for Litton's unfair labor practices; on the public opinion front, it is planning more rallies at shareholder meetings, trade shows and directors' offices; and on the international front, unions at Litton subsidiaries in the United States are opening lines of communication to their counterparts in Europe.

Perhaps most important, the Litton campaign has created a sense of solidarity among unions, which has been lacking recently. National officials, local leaders and the rank and file from many unions have put aside their quarrels and are

pitching in to help make the campaign effective. Exchanges of information, mutual support in organizing and strikes, community mobilization and other tactics reminiscent of the massive unionization drives of the 1930s are being revived as adjuncts of the "corporate campaign" tactics of recent years, which target directors, stockholders, lenders and other pressure points.

Up to now the Litton story has been one of unchecked conglomerate power. The unions and their allies aim to write a new chapter in that story. For activists who have made fighting corporate excesses the focus of their political work, the Litton campaign is an opportunity to create new forms of power for workers, their unions and their communities. □

■ 'DEATH IN THE NURSERY'

Reagan's Save-The-Babe Rule

ART JAHNKE AND GERALD PEARY

Ronald Reagan's staunch opposition to abortion, coupled with his relentless cuts in social programs, moved Massachusetts Representative Barney Frank to observe that the President apparently believes "life begins at conception and ends at birth." Earlier this year, in a burst of humanitarianism, Reagan extended the latter boundary by several weeks to protect the newly born.

On March 7, the Department of Health and Human Services issued a regulation requiring the 6,400 hospitals that receive Federal aid to post the following notice in their pediatric wards: "Discriminatory failure to feed and care for handicapped infants in this facility is prohibited by Federal law." The hospitals were also ordered to post the toll-free, twenty-four-hour Handicapped Infant Hotline number so that parents, nurses or anyone else could report cases in which handicapped infants had been denied "customary medical care."

The rule stirred up much comment in the press, but little attention was paid to the fact that President Reagan was behind it, or that his inspiration had been a four-part exposé shown, starting February 28, on Boston's WNEV-TV's 11 o'clock news program. The series was entitled "Death in the Nursery," and its tenor can be gauged by the announcer's dramatic lead-in: "In hospitals all over this country . . . in Boston too . . . handicapped infants die because doctors and parents say they will die. Some, who are denied lifesaving treatment, die of starvation." The report charged that unethical doctors and callous parents often allow handi-

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capped children to die, especially babies afflicted with Down's syndrome and spina bifida.

President Reagan heard about the series, and on March 4 a White House aide telephoned the station and requested a videotape of it. That night a cassette of "Death in the Nursery" was flown to Washington, escorted by a WNEV emissary; the President watched it over the March 5 weekend. The following Monday, the new rule was announced. Two days later, the President telephoned the Ellington, Connecticut, home of Rachel and Carl Rossow, who had appeared on the program to speak against the practice of withholding medical care. One of the Rossows' fourteen children, now 4 years old, had suffered brain damage at birth. Reagan also wrote a letter of commendation to WNEV for performing "an outstanding public service" and for addressing "a public problem of profound ethical dimensions fairly, factually, and with great sensitivity."

While the executives at WNEV were counting their Presidential blessings, the American Academy of Pediatrics, the Children's Hospital National Medical Center and the National Association of Children's Hospitals were challenging the legality of the new regulation, arguing that it was an unjustified governmental interference in the physician-parent-patient relationship.

Moreover, by taking from parents the right to decide what treatment their seriously ill newborn babies should receive, and by not permitting the cessation of treatment in cases where it might be futile, Reagan's rule came into direct conflict with recommendations made by the President's Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine and Biomedical and Behavioral Research.

On April 14, just three and a half weeks after the regulation went into effect, Federal District Court Judge Gerhard A. Gesell found the rule invalid. Calling the regulation "arbitrary and capricious," Gesell said the government had produced little evidence to document its contention that "events of the past several years suggest that handicapped infants have died from denial of food in federally assisted programs."

Gesell, the 72-year-old son of Dr. Arnold Gesell, the famous child psychologist and pediatrician, wrote that he "was forced to conclude that haste and inexperience have resulted in agency action based on inadequate consideration." The judge also found that the rule had been adopted in violation of the Administrative Procedures Act, which requires Federal agencies to solicit comments from the public for thirty days prior to the enactment of any regulation. Gesell branded the toll-free hotline "hasty and ill-considered," and said the regulation "purports to set up an en-

forcement mechanism without defining the violation, and is virtually without meaning beyond its intrinsic 'in terrorem' effect." Within two hours of learning of Gesell's decision, Secretary of Health and Human Services Margaret Heckler announced that the government would appeal.

Last week, *The Washington Post* reported that in an effort to placate critics of the regulation, the department has drawn up a revised version, which forbids denial of care to newborn infants because of handicaps such as "mental retardation, blindness, paralysis, deafness or lack of limbs," but does not require "the imposition of futile therapies which merely temporarily prolong the process of dying of an infant born terminally ill." The revision retains the hotline and the requirement that a notice be posted requesting that violations of the compulsory-care regulation be reported—the two features physicians and hospitals most oppose.

Since it is doubtful that the department's rewrite will silence the opposition, it is worth taking a closer look at the series that sparked the Presidential concern which led to the original rule. The President's emotional reaction was not surprising: "Death in the Nursery" was gut-level journalism from start to finish. Although the WNEV reporters, Pulitzer Prize winner Carleton Sherwood and Mike Taibbi, claimed to have discovered several cases of infanticide, they refrained from identifying the victims or the doctors responsible. With a few exceptions, their evidence was limited to allegations and innuendoes. For instance, Sherwood and Taibbi told viewers that they "went through nearly 30,000 death certificates" in the course of their investigation, but they failed to mention that only about 1,000 of the certificates were for infant deaths.

Off the air, Sherwood claimed in an interview to have found thirty suspicious deaths linked to a single Boston doctor. But he declined to name the doctor or the funeral home that allegedly prepared the bodies for burial. Sherwood said he had invited several doctors to appear on the broadcast to defend the practice of denying medical treatment to severely deformed infants. Understandably, few physicians are willing to do so publicly, and only opposing views were heard. Among those condemning the practice were former Justice Department prosecutor Robert D'Agostino, U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, parents of children afflicted with Down's syndrome and spina bifida, and conservative columnist George Will.

The most sensational testimony came from Chicago attorney Dennis Horan, who was identified as "a medical ethics expert for the American Bar Association." Horan editorialized: "The road to euthanasia and the road to the final solution in Germany had very, very small beginnings, and it began as a program of how to get rid of the problem of the severely handicapped children."

The President was obviously impressed by such arguments. But what he described as a fair, factual and sensitive report on an important problem struck Judge Gesell differently. In a footnote to his decision, the judge wrote that the WNEV series "sensationalizes the issues underlying the regulation, relying in substantial part on events and studies already publicized, some going back several years." □

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

With this issue *The Nation's* biweekly summer schedule commences and will continue through July, August and the first two weeks of September. The next issue you receive will be dated July 23-30.

■ WHY WE'RE NOT MARCHING

The Silent Voices Of Eastern Europe

The following statement was submitted to the World Assembly for Peace and Life, Against Nuclear War, held in Prague from June 21-26, but for reasons that will be apparent to the reader, it was ignored. It has been circulated in samizdat in Czechoslovakia, and we obtained a copy through a third party.

—The Editors

MILAN SIMECKA

If my memory serves me right, the slogan "War Sucks!" made a fleeting appearance in Czechoslovakia during our period of liberalization in the 1960s—on fences, walls and homemade posters. It had been coined by young people who wanted to do something for peace but could not bring themselves to echo the official slogans. They wanted to set themselves apart from those who proclaimed the stilted, utterly bureaucratic "struggle for peace." Their simple observation, though quite to the point and intelligible in the context of ordinary discourse, failed to find favor with the generals leading our state-sponsored peace campaign, and was suppressed as unworthy of so serious a cause. I don't know what became of it. But I can imagine it will be hard to involve most of those people in any future peace campaign.

As far back as I can remember, campaigning for peace in Czechoslovakia has been an activity reserved for official dignitaries, for scientists, artists and clergymen, who are selected to attend peace congresses abroad and to exhort audiences at officially sponsored events at which beer and sausages are served and few bother to listen. A detached observer might well conclude that people in our country couldn't care less whether there is peace or war. I would point out to him that we do care, deeply, but that we cannot show it spontaneously because such expressions have been pre-empted by the state, and are assigned to selected individuals whose task it is to instruct us in such matters. Spontaneity is not permitted.

Still, the detached observer would surely have enough imagination to realize that the thought of war evokes the same anxieties in us as it does in our Western counterparts. Our young people would gladly march hundreds of miles for peace if it would assure them a future free of fears and

nightmares. Plenty of our people are aware of the devastation that threatens the entire globe. Still, whenever those people feel they ought to do something about it, they are quickly discouraged by the way contributions to the "peace fund" are extorted from them each payday for ostentatious dinners for ostentatious dignitaries at peace congresses in ostentatious palaces. They come to think of peace as just another worthy cause to which everyone must contribute, like the Revolutionary Trade Union or the boss's birthday party. Everything has been preordained. We can leave it to district wardens to notify us if war is imminent and to civil defense officials to teach us how to put on a gas mask or how to survive a nuclear blast twenty miles from ground zero. The nature of the "peace campaign" in Czechoslovakia makes spontaneity superfluous because it assumes that preserving peace is best left in the hands of the government, the Communist Party and the military chiefs.

Members of the peace movement in the West ask dissidents in Eastern Europe who criticize the official ideology and who represent independent thought why they have kept silent on the issue. Shouldn't they be keenly aware that peace is crucial to all they strive for?

They should understand that the impression of aloofness stems in great part from the way our words are muffled—while in the West, the peace movement's words resonate. Actually, the dissidents believe unequivocally that peace is a necessary condition for broadening human freedom and insuring human dignity.

I do not mean to blink at the obvious fact that peace is not the central concern of the communiqués in which dissident individuals and groups in Eastern Europe appeal to the public. Since the dissidents' central theme is human rights, Western peace movements may well reproach them for watching from the sidelines, often critically. After all we have been through, however, we tend to feel—almost painfully so—more experienced and more skeptical than our Western counterparts. We often look upon peace movements, slogan waving and assorted exultations with benevolent condescension. In our countries, such spectacles for peace are organized by the state. We have grown used to that; we have lost all capacity to believe in the spontaneity of any street demonstration, East or West. Virtually every dissident is assigned "his" interrogator, who, during sessions over many years, has treated him to scathing lectures on how events are staged for TV cameras in the West. So we watch footage from protest demonstrations—courageous young women chaining themselves to the gates of military installations and throwing themselves in front of military vehicles—with disdain. Sad to say, we cannot avoid the malicious thought: Just come and try that here, at a Czech or a Soviet base! You'd never know what hit you! They'd fix you so fast; it would be years before anyone heard of you again! Such cynicism does not predispose one to participate in mass demonstrations for peace.

Our bitterness and sense of superiority, however, should not be allowed to keep us from empathizing with the moral motives behind the protests, since they are similar to those

Milan Simecka was a lecturer in politics at the Higher School of Music in Czechoslovakia until 1970, when he lost his job because of his political views. His book Order Restored: A Theoretical Analysis of the "Normalized System" was published by Padlock Press, an underground publishing network. He was imprisoned from May 1981 to March 1982 for his writings in samizdat.

that move us to defend human rights and free thought. It should not be difficult to understand the actions of people determined to do all they can to save the world from total destruction. The most courageous among us refuse to wait helplessly until it is too late.

To be sure, since no spontaneous, free peace movement is allowed to exist in the East, there will always be something one-sided about Western activities. We cannot fail to notice how enthusiastically our state propaganda apparatus dishes out pictures of secure, well-dressed people unwilling to die in some war, demonstrating against their governments, against President Reagan, against NATO and its powerful generals and, most of all, against those rockets aimed at us. That we appreciate. Still, we see no sign of them demonstrating against the rockets aimed at themselves. Do they think those rockets cannot hurt them? Do they assume that every country should put its own house in order? Good rule, though that is not what is happening. Our official peace movement is just as exclusively directed against those NATO rockets. Perhaps there is something we do not know, perhaps we have grown too suspicious; but we have learned, from long experience, how easy it is to manipulate any mass movement.

And yet, we do feel a strong sympathy for those who take a judicious part in the peace movement. I am far more troubled by the silent majority, which is resigned to its fate and, by its passivity and silence, leaves the choice between war and peace to professional politicians and the blind mechanisms of the military. Hardly any of my fellow passengers on the bus this morning, locked in their thoughts, were likely to be worrying about preventing nuclear war. No one can hold it against them. Still, were a war to break out, those who had demonstrated for peace would have at least one advantage over them: at the moment of death they could say with a sense of superiority, "You hopeless fools, we told you so!" Throughout history, quite a few people must have known that moment of clear conscience just before a grenade tore off their legs or a wall collapsed on them in a burning city. Surely many people who were burned to ashes in Hiroshima or Dresden had opposed the war from the start.

There simply must be a better hope for escaping this vicious circle, based on the political nature of the problem—a sober optimism grounded in a recognition of the vital interests of European nations and of America, and in a judicious management of those interests.

Experts claim that, paradoxically, Europe owes its nearly four decades of peace to a balance of terror. They assume that the people of this old continent would have been at one another's throats long ago were it not for nuclear weapons. That is an unflattering view of human nature, which we would surely hesitate to broadcast into the cosmos for some alien civilization to hear.

For all the claims by the experts, an ordinary European or even an ordinary mortal can still ask the simple question: Why would another ordinary European or ordinary mortal want to kill me? I am capable of asking it in all seriousness:

Who would want to kill me, together with my whole family, all the people in my house, all my neighbors and this entire city? The regime insists that the Americans do. Yet all the ordinary Americans I ever met have been cordial and friendly. The Germans? Why? Because they once shared this land with us and no longer do? They have no cause to envy us; they are better off than we are. Perhaps the Italians? Or the French? Or the British? No. I cannot imagine what they could have against me. The idea is absurd. Other reasons I might have for wanting to kill someone—he speaks a language I do not understand; she is employed by a private concern rather than by the state—are no less absurd. Nor do I know anyone around me who could come up with a reason, a real reason. To be sure, I do not know how it all appears to the lieutenants who would like to become colonels, but I doubt that even they would go so far.

Who, then, are the people fear alone keeps in check? Not even in our newspapers is there anything so charged with hatred that it could provide some clear explanation for the indiscriminate slaughter of others. Could it be that the threat of war is based on a mistake, or that it is a ruse?

We have come to take it for granted that there is a reason, existing apart from ordinary mortals, for another war. Yet it is a peculiar reason, quite unusual in history. Reduced to simplest terms, it would appear to be that each side does not approve of the way the other side orders its life. That is virtually it, except for petty conflicts involving third parties. The sole reason for another war would appear to be ideological—a difference of opinion as to which is better, a market economy or central planning, parliamentary debates or unanimous votes, Marxism or some other faith, borscht or hamburgers. It sounds incredible, but it seems the world is preparing to make war over such issues. An all-out war is conceivable only as a variation on the great ideological wars of ages past—as a Crusade, as a Thirty Years' War—though without the added motivation of territorial gain or booty. It would have to be purely a war for the Truth, for justice, for freedom and so on and on.

Since most ordinary mortals have little idea of what the Truth is, they tend to resign themselves to yet another war much as to a natural catastrophe like an earthquake or a flood. They perceive history primarily in terms of their daily lives. Their revolutions, coups d'état and heroic deeds consist of family conflicts, rebellious children, the job, deaths in the family or quarrels with the neighbors; and they have resigned themselves to being counters in a game played by power elites. They simply do not comprehend conflicts concerning a power balance in which the counters are rockets of all ranges, submarines and jet fighters, warheads and other gadgets. The elementary question of whether someone wants to kill someone else and has sufficient reason for doing so has escalated into a game for experts and their advisers. The average mortal is no longer competent to evaluate solutions to economic crises or to distinguish freedom from oppression, good from evil. He has become a pathetic figure who will have to let himself be killed should the experts conclude that an unbalanced balance demands it.

Most people, to be sure, do not admit such helplessness,

even to themselves. They simply cannot believe in the possibility of an ideological war, and that inability enables them to live, even to enjoy living. This majority of people do not want to think about war. Not thinking about war is natural; it safeguards our sanity.

When I meet an ordinary mortal on the street, I reassure him that there is nothing wrong with his reasoning. It is the reasoning of the ideologues that is at fault. They have a defective view of what matters in life, which impels them to impose the grand abstractions of history upon the little concrete destinies of individuals, and to systematically recast them in terms of laws, duties, sacrifices for a better tomorrow and so on and on.

The source of distrust along the ideological barricades between the West and the East is buried in that grandiose conception of the world. The Soviet Union and the United States suspect each other of aggressive intentions. But they see aggression as an effort to change an antithetical life style—an apparent or real effort to forcibly convert the other to a different faith, a different custom, a different mode of thought—in the belief that it is for the other's own good.

Let me try to describe Soviet aggression as it appears in the nightmares of Western ideologues. I see Soviet tanks rolling through Paris, America laid waste, the British begging for quarter. The superiority of the Communist system has been demonstrated at last; the surviving cripples and mutants memorize that, long ago, the Social Democratic Party of Russia split into a Bolshevik and a Menshevik faction. That is the Communist world revolution the West imagines. Yet I simply cannot admit such a vision has anything to do with the world in which we live. It appears far more a product of a diseased imagination. Still, the entire mighty arsenal of the West is a defense against such a possibility.

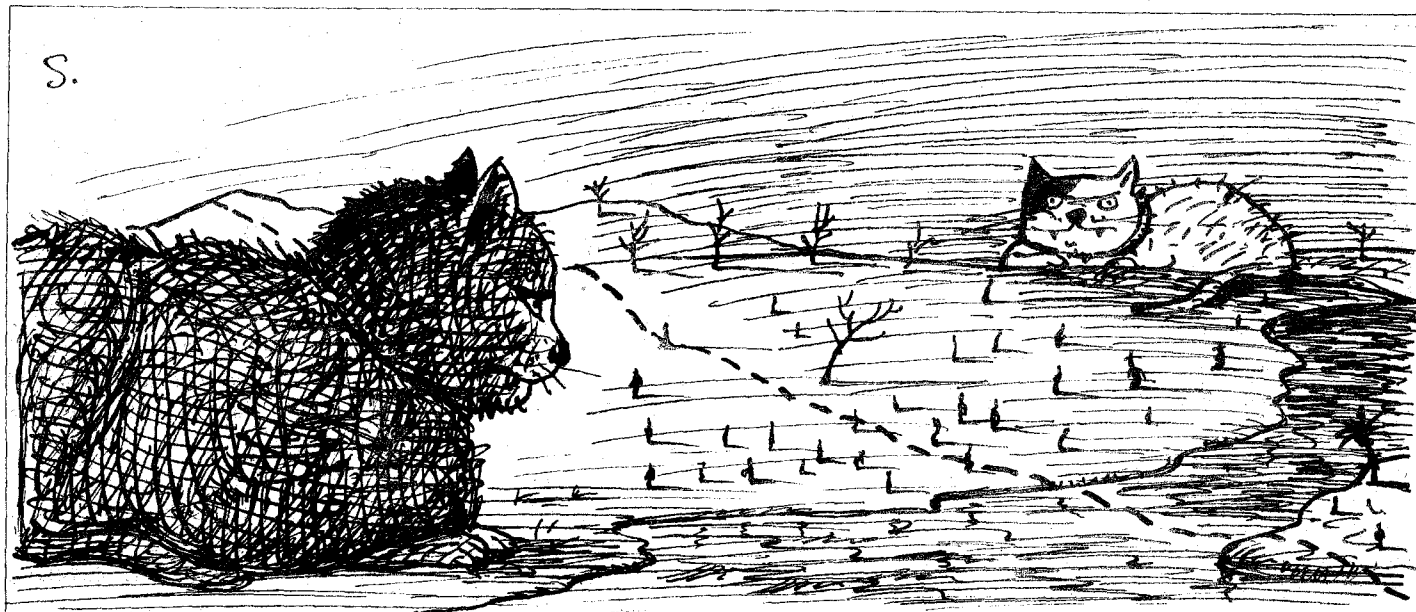
The Soviet Union is Czechoslovakia's neighbor. One August night in 1968, Soviet troops stripped us of many illusions, through no fault of our own. We are keenly aware of the power of our neighbor and can sense its destructive ca-

pability, which, so far, has lain dormant. Still, in spite of that experience, we do not find the American image of Soviet aggression credible. It is a perverse image—and the thought that it might provoke some fateful decision in Washington sends chills down our spines.

Those who cultivate this image of Soviet aggression say that the sacred Marxist-Leninist texts teach the inevitable worldwide triumph of Communism, and that the idea has never been abandoned by Soviet leaders. Yet the so-called experts on Communism should know that once Stalin decided to build socialism in one country, the Soviet Union ceased supporting the world revolution and came to insist, instead, that the world revolution support the Soviet Union.

To an ordinary Russian, all that is clear. He has long since grown accustomed to the ornamental nature of Soviet ideology and cannot imagine responsible statesmen in the West still taking the Soviet commitment to world revolution seriously. Ordinary Russians read nothing about that world revolution in their newspapers. All they hear about are the benefits of economic collaboration, the need to improve productivity and quality, to live up to world standards and to compete on world markets. The suspicion that the Soviet leadership would want to impose upon the United States an economic system that would make American farming inefficient, and thus incapable of producing surplus wheat to sell to the Soviet Union, seems absurd to him. He is incapable of assuming that such ideological naïveté exists in so advanced a country, and so is far more receptive when his government tells him that the fear of Soviet aggression is a smokescreen concealing America's designs for world domination. It would be a tragedy if humanity were to exterminate itself solely because the representatives of the Western powers gave credence to the preposterous idea that the Soviet leadership is planning to conclude an entire historical epoch the day after tomorrow by utilizing the force of its arms to install workers' and peasants' governments in Bonn, Paris, London and Washington.

Certainly, I am familiar with the usual sixteen or twenty-



three proofs of Soviet aggressiveness; they include, after all, the unfortunate military occupation of my own country, the invasion of Afghanistan, the intervention of its Cuban surrogates in Angola and so on. It is, however, a long way from such acts to a direct threat to the "Atlantic gateway." If anything, military moves like the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan tend to retard rather than advance the worldwide triumph of Communism. The Soviet Union, in any case, has made no attempt to hide its intentions. Official communiqués boast that the socialist countries support revolutionary movements everywhere in the world and intend to continue to support them. The Russians are especially eager to assist movements that the United States finds most annoying. But in no sense can Angola and Nicaragua be considered in the vanguard of a world revolution in accordance with some Soviet master plan.

We should, however, not overlook the fact that all such movements, all the successful and unsuccessful revolutions, all the revolts of colonels and lieutenants to which the East was the first to offer aid, grew out of social despair, out of human misery and the barbarity of violent regimes, and that they occurred on the doorsteps of affluent countries that had been indifferent to those conditions.

Undoubtedly, the Soviet Union will bring its military power to bear whenever it senses a threat to its security, however remote. The Soviet leadership no longer defines its security solely in territorial terms. It seeks to win friends among all countries that it regards as kindred spirits, politically or socially. Those friendships are then given a suitable ideological gloss. It is just as well not to examine such defense of Soviet security too closely in moral terms of self-determination or voluntary commitments—that can only lead to a sigh over the immutability of the mighty. It is best simply to acknowledge it, since such constants are necessary to a stable world. It is easier to calculate constants than variables.

But one power's concern about its security looks like aggression to the other power, which is equally concerned about its own security. It is difficult for Western nations to comprehend that the Soviet Union is defending its security through other countries. The Soviets do not say this, of course. In the Kremlin's ideological "newspeak," they are protecting "the achievements of socialism." That phrase is applied even to countries in which there are no achievements to defend, only stagnation, rigidity and decay. Such is the case in Poland. But in Kremlinese, "achievements" have nothing to do with social advances. The word refers to an

amenable power structure, specifically one that accords a leading role to the Communist Party.

An ordinary Russian cannot reconcile himself to the idea that, in spite of his undoubted love for all the peoples of the earth, his country is considered a potential aggressor. Surely it would be simple to dispel that impression. All the Soviet Union need do is receive foreigners with open arms, tear down the barbed wire on its borders, let other ordinary mortals see for themselves. But there lies the rub.

Even though Soviet propaganda vastly exaggerates every crisis in the West—strikes, racial conflicts and other symptoms of social unrest—the Soviet Union has a stake in the stability of Western countries. Secretly it wishes them internal peace and prosperity; the last thing it could want is a victory of socialism, with all its chaos, in those orderly countries where the trains run on time, the post office delivers a letter overnight and no one need stand in line for tangerines. The socialist countries merely wish for the West to assist them in building socialism, by advancing credit on favorable terms, supplying modern technology, bringing in hard tourist dollars, inviting their representatives for courtesy visits and so on, for as long as it takes—a century, perhaps—until the results prove the superiority of socialism over capitalism.

The problem is that some stubborn politicians in the West have no interest in helping to build socialism in Eastern Europe, and actually seem pleased by symptoms of instability. Though I say it almost tongue in cheek, I suspect that the origins of the next war are entangled with the unpredictable future of that part of Europe.

Leaders of Eastern European countries do not need to be reminded of the conditions that threaten the stability of their regimes. They know that their economies are limping and that their peoples' morale is low. If they did not know it, the events in Poland have now underscored the point. They lack, however, the courage to avoid the dangers and to address the problems by other than brute force.

The structural crisis of Eastern European socialism is also a peace crisis. We are entering a dangerous epoch of ideological confrontation—as if, after centuries, now were the time to decide who had been right. The time seems near when all the old European conflicts, hitherto left for history to decide, will at last be resolved. (Unfortunately, no one can bring back the millions who died in the struggles for socialism, communism, freedom, democracy, national socialism, social democracy, capitalism, the czar, the fatherland or nation—as well as against such abstractions—so that they could look at the present and decide whether it had been worth it.)

The old dictum "History will judge" could easily become the cause of the next war, should ordinary mortals become so caught up in political madness that they attempt to prove to their ancestors that half of them had been right. The internal instability of Eastern European countries, the crises in their systems, their economic upheavals and social ferment all could spread. The greatest threat to peace is the precariousness of the status quo. Since few countries are re-

**FOR THE LOVE OF GOD,
DON'T EVER LET THAT DOME IM-
PLODE OR YOU'LL BE UP TO YOUR
KEISTER IN FACTS**

A vacuum by all nature is abhorred
Except behind the Presidential forehead:
An empty temple buttressed from collapse
By *Reader's Digest* quotes and lengthy naps.

Jerome Doolittle

mote from the influence of the superpowers and since the point of every social upheaval is to prove "history is on our side," we can imagine the next war beginning in a civil war that escalates into a war between different social systems and the nations identified with those systems. If we fail to prevent such a civil war, we will stand a good chance of a war between nations.

The economic and political systems that most threaten peace are those that lack an internal safety valve against social explosion, and so are unable to cope with social change, with demands for justice, freedom and material security, except by force, bloodshed and blackmail. Therefore I conclude (though it may sound like official Soviet peace propaganda) that the greatest responsibility for preserving peace lies with the Western democratic societies. For all their imperfections, they are capable of dealing with the needs of ordinary mortals without explosions of social hate, as they have demonstrated during the current economic crisis. The ruling establishments of those societies do not live in fear of losing their futures, or of the threat of popular revenge and destabilization. Authoritarian and totalitarian regimes, by contrast, are almost always neurotic, prone to hasty actions, forever choosing between all or nothing. There is a perennial danger that, in some panic state, they could strike out at those around them. Declarations of war, alas, have never been decided by plebiscites, and it is even less likely to happen in the case of the next war.

Thus, responsibility for peace is not equal. The West has a greater responsibility than the East; the developed countries have a greater responsibility than countries struggling against hunger; the United States bears a greater responsibility than the Soviet Union. Most democratic states are farther away in time from their revolutions, from their social infancy, from the passions of social childhood and from their adolescent imbecility than are countries that are still so close to the heroic deeds of their revolutions that they have not had time to digest them. That may explain why so many people in the West become involved in peace movements—perhaps they are aware of their greater responsibility.

The conclusion to which these reflections inevitably lead is this: the best way to peace is through a determined, competent effort by governments the world over to manage their internal social conflicts and to permit at least those reforms that are obviously overdue but are not all-or-nothing demands. I would include, as a part of such successful management, a greater respect for human rights, for freedom and dignity in my own country, as well as in the countries with whom we share a border. So far, unfortunately, the governments have responded only with preposterous accusations that it is precisely such peaceful attempts at reform that provoke civil strife and so threaten world peace. (What sacrifices we must make in the name of peace!)

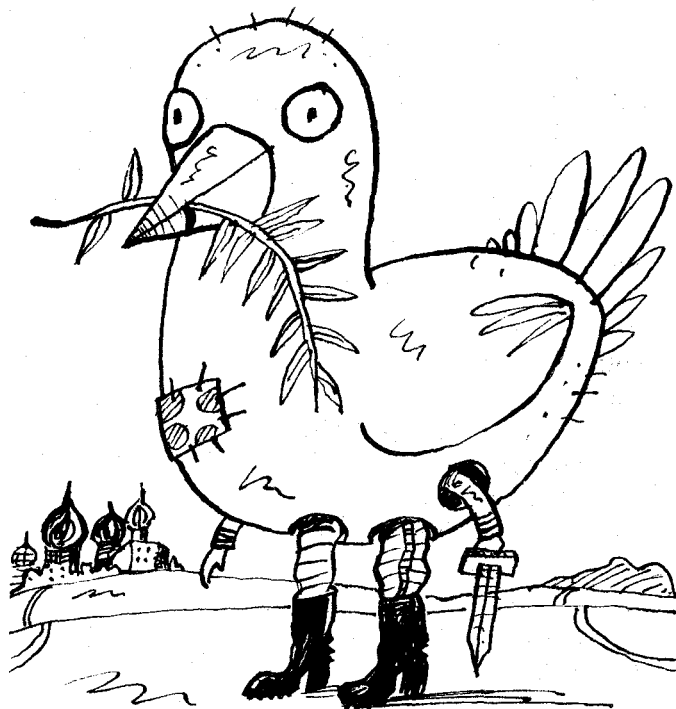
Naturally, successful management of the internal political conflicts that can provoke future wars has far more to do with rational, practical politics than it does with demonstrations and spectacular peace actions. Such a politics surely should seek compromises rather than ideological triumphs.

A sensible policy would encourage cautious changes that do not rouse fears of revolutions or counterrevolutions.

Humankind is no longer threatened by wars resulting from the old nationalistic passions; the threat today is from social conflicts that have the potential to spill over a single country's boundaries. We seldom hear the nationalistic insults that plagued Europe forty years ago. We do, however, encounter social and political aversions that can foster an ideological readiness for war in the same way that racial theories and national arrogance led to World War II. The path of peace involves raising the level of common decency in the internal dialogue between contradictory social forces no less than it involves raising the level of decency in the external dialogue between opposing states. Some presuppositions for this do exist, since global economic interdependence, technological advance and the requirements of modern life demand it. The more nations that leave behind the brutal periods of their history, the greater the hope that the time will come when people realize force solves nothing and complicates everything.

Such a hope does not mean we can shed all our anxieties; but the longer peace in its present form lasts, the harder it will be to upset it. Gradually, the world will rid itself of the outworn ideologies that are used to justify killing, and that are incomprehensible to ordinary mortals. The fundamental need for peace counsels a sad and bitter patience, even for those individuals and groups in Eastern Europe who might simply say that the best guarantees of peace are respect for human rights and freedom for all people to speak their mind, without fear or the depressing sense that it is pointless for them to do so.

If Czechs were free, we surely would take part in peace demonstrations that had not been ordained from above. We



might gladly march from Norway to France, and even from Paris to Moscow. □

Guinea Pigs

(Continued From Front Cover)

the press reported that the scientists found the government "grossly negligent" for failing to adequately safeguard participants in the Bikini tests, raising the possibility that "large numbers of personnel were exposed to very high levels of radiation," the profound implications of the Warren papers—politically, historically and in terms of governmental secrecy—have been glossed over or ignored entirely.

The code name for the nuclear tests was Operation Crossroads: two atomic blasts set off in the lagoon at Bikini Atoll on July 1 and July 25, 1946. One bomb was exploded in the atmosphere; the other, underwater. Eighty-four unmanned "target ships" carrying test animals, instruments and experimental setups were anchored near ground zero to register the effects of the blasts. Another 100 "non-target" ships were anchored farther away. On board those were some 42,000 military personnel, scientists, doctors and civilian workers.

The second blast, on July 25, created a 1-million-ton cloud of heavily contaminated water and steam that rose 6,000 feet in the air and rained deadly radioactivity on the target ships. The ships of the Navy's ghost fleet were transformed into floating radioactive hellholes; for weeks, military personnel would labor in them, retrieving vital data and "cleaning up" radioactive materials.

One document among the Warren papers, originally classified "SECRET," is a nineteen-page memorandum titled "Safety Prediction," which clearly indicates that the government knew in advance about the potential dangers of the tests and about their unpredictable nature:

the air hazard in Test Baker [the underwater blast] is more difficult to assess in view of the many unknown factors, such as height to which the radioactive cloud column will rise, the amount of gross water splashes or spray, the velocity of the wind, the particle size of any drops which may be formed, et cetera.

The pre-test document also warned, "On some target ships, possibly within 1,000 yards of detonation, boarding-inspection may be dangerous for weeks." But the government was apparently so eager to gather information that it ignored the warning, and the men were sent on board the target ships only three days after the second blast.

Moreover, the Warren documents show that the dangers were greater than had been predicted. The target ships were thoroughly contaminated with radioactivity. Two and a half weeks after the second test, Warren informed the com-

mander of JTF-I (Joint Task Force-I, which oversaw the tests) about conditions on those ships:

The widespread presence of alpha emitters has been demonstrated in the target area. . . . The alpha emitter is the most poisonous chemical known. . . . The following facts have been observed in these vessels by Rad Safe [radiological safety unit]:

(a) The ventilating systems and inner compartments are heavily contaminated in most of these ships. This is visibly evident in some.

(b) The dry and apparently undisturbed dust in inner compartments below decks . . . has been found to be heavily contaminated with fission products, in large amounts.

(c) Extensive cleaning or decontamination of painted surfaces even to the extent of removal of paint while greatly reducing them (by 90% in some cases) has failed so far to remove all the fission products . . . the content of the alpha emitter was *increased* by the decontamination in the residual contamination by a factor of two. [Emphasis added.]

Warren warned the JTF-I commander:

Contamination of personnel, clothing, hands and even food can be demonstrated readily in every ship in the JTF-I in increasing amounts day by day. . . . Therefore no further work must be permitted in the contaminated target ships without well organized and adequate safeguards including special equipment for personnel and proper radiological equipment.

Safety was not, however, an overriding consideration; the work continued regardless of the escalating risks.

But the cleanup was not successful. Six months after the tests, Warren received a top secret Navy analysis titled "Residual Radioactivity on CROSSROADS Target Vessels," which recommended that thirty-two ships, including the battleship *Pennsylvania*, be sunk "in order to remove any possible danger which might result to personnel working on them, or from their use as scrap material." Warren himself wrote a memorandum to Adm. W.S. Parsons, dated three days after that analysis, stating:

It is my belief that the target ships are so badly contaminated with longlife fission materials that they will be a potential hazard and unfit for occupancy or use for an indefinitely long period of years.

Undaunted, the government decided to return twelve of them to the United States, even though it meant endangering more people. According to a top secret report, that fleet included "all different types of combat vessels which were exposed at Bikini." All were "highly contaminated" and were to be used for "projected experimental and training work."

One of the twelve ships, the *Salt Lake City*, was described in a JTF-I memorandum as having such "high intensities of residual radiation" that, "despite strenuous and conscientious efforts at decontamination," radioactivity remained "in excess of one hundred times tolerance" in some areas, and the general level topside was "five to fifteen times tolerance." During the cleanup efforts on the *Salt Lake City* at Bikini, "many persons received more than the permissible

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dosage of radiation on a number of days," the memorandum noted. One can only imagine the dosages received by those who worked on the "hot" ships after they returned to the United States.

The Warren documents show that the Crossroads cleanup was the antithesis of a well-planned, safety-conscious operation. Servicemen and civilians were forced to work on the contaminated ships day after day—in some cases, sleeping on board—with inadequate detection instruments and training. The task force had to conduct an on-the-spot training program for monitors (people who tested radiation levels and checked safety procedures), but the program produced only twenty "good monitors" out of seventy trainees. The cleanup forces were overworked and understaffed, which meant that each individual's exposure to radiation was increased.

The shortage of personnel was critical. On August 7, 1946, Warren wrote a top secret memorandum to the JTF-I commander, in which he noted that personnel loaned to JTF-I by "universities, Manhattan District laboratories and plants, and various civilian and military and Naval organizations" were "urgently needed by their employers at home" and had to return before the work was finished. Warren described the crisis:

Those who have participated [in the cleanup] have been worked hard for days and nights and they are approaching physical exhaustion. Monitoring demands have been increasing steadily while our numbers are being depleted.

Six days later, Warren again wrote to the commander, indicating that the crisis was getting worse:

The use of personnel for cleaning without proper indoctrination and special complex protective equipment, particularly in the inside of ships is exceedingly dangerous. This hazard is not obvious and varies very greatly from place to place. Without special equipment and the properly trained personnel to measure each site for alpha emitters (and very few qualified personnel are available in the United States) no one can say any place is safe for any given length of time.

Warren's monitors were acutely aware of the crisis. In an August 9, 1946, memorandum to Warren, the officer in charge of all target-ship monitors wrote:

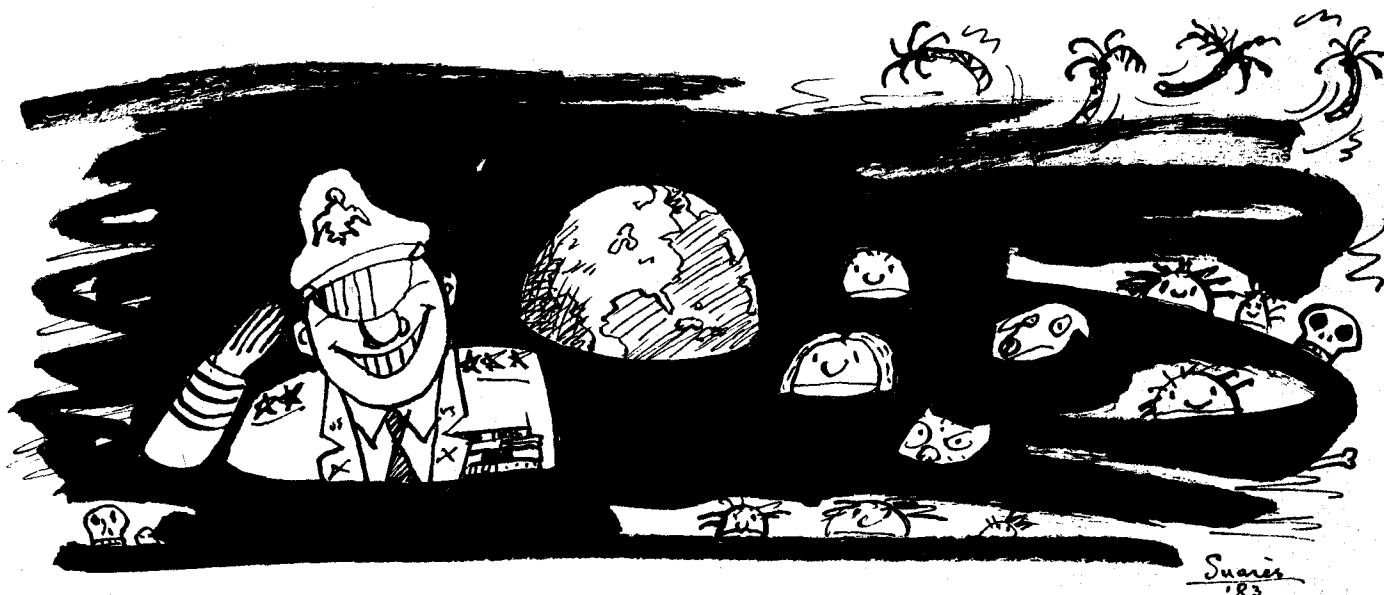
This report is to point out that work on the target ships has increased to the point that it is impossible to provide adequate protection for the personnel involved in this work. . . . The large number of personnel to be protected when working in ships with radiation above tolerance has required the monitors and equipment be so widely scattered that proper protection and adequate control are not possible.

The situation was exacerbated by what one safety monitor described as the "indifference" of ships' officers to safety standards. "There is reason to believe," a monitor from the Prince Eugen reported to Warren, "that men are being kept aboard for longer periods of time than they should be and also that the ship's officers believe that the standard of .1R [roentgen] has such a large safety factor that it can be ignored."

In order to meet post-test timetables, the quality of training and adherence to safety procedures were sacrificed. As Warren's August 7 memorandum to the JTF-I command noted:

It is almost impossible to enforce the wearing of gloves continuously on badly contaminated ships, during the clean up stages under present circumstances where large numbers of men are involved. Nor is it feasible to expect them to take the proper care of their contaminated clothes. Practices which can be applied with safety in plants through longtime supervised training and guidance cannot be employed with safety in the attack on the present problem in the time available to conduct the proposed study of the target ships.

In addition, monitoring instruments were woefully inadequate. Early on, scientists from the University of Chicago who participated in Crossroads questioned the adequacy of the instruments used. William G. Myers of Ohio State University, who was at Bikini, wrote to Warren on August 28, 1946: "I do believe though that many of us probably received much more penetrating, ionizing radiation than the



instruments of very low beta-sensitivity were able to record." In the same letter, Myers complains of being plagued by "a low-grade fever and a general malaise which baffled sick-bay officers and myself."

Warren had pointed out to the JTF-I command that accurate monitoring was extremely difficult because "the erratic location of high and low intensities [of radiation] on the target ships does not permit an accurate estimate of any one individual's exposure since he may hesitate on or near a high [*sic*] intensity than was expected, thus accumulating more than a tolerance dose."

As a result of the operation's inadequate manpower, planning, safety standards and equipment, a number of people surely received "more than permissible" dosages of radiation. Warren based his conclusion on evidence from the monitors' film badges, which changed color when exposed to radiation and indicated dosage levels received. Scientists who testified before the House Veterans' Affairs Investigations Subcommittee in May asserted that, certainly, excessive doses of radiation were not received only by those wearing the badges.

The Warren papers provide several examples of the military's penchant for concealing safety problems. A May 5, 1947, memorandum from Navy safety adviser George M. Lyon to Admiral Parsons reports that an ensign raised questions about safety procedures during the tests, and concludes:

I would recommend that he [the ensign] be given a letter of reprimand, or admonition and that he be given a serious talking to by someone who knows the problem well from the technical and scientific angle.

If the uncooperative ensign was not silenced, he might "bring into the open many borderline and controversial issues to 'make a mountain out of a mole hill.'"

Over the years, from Crossroads to the present, the Federal government has steadfastly denied that cancer, leukemia and other medical problems suffered by atomic veterans are test-related, and has defended its safety measures. It continues to assert that, except in isolated incidents, the tests exposed the human guinea pigs only to "low-level" radiation, and that such exposures were not harmful. The Warren papers seriously tarnish the government's assurances that the 235 atomic tests conducted between 1946 and 1962, involving between 250,000 and 300,000 people, were safe.

There is much more at stake than veterans' benefits, pending litigation and the reputation of the nuclear testing program. In a letter dated September 4, 1981, Defense Department general counsel William H. Taft 4th urged the House Veterans' Affairs Committee not to recommend any legislation that would create the impression that exposure to low-level radiation constitutes a health hazard. "This mistaken impression," said Taft,

has the potential to be seriously damaging to every aspect of the Department of Defense's nuclear weapons and nuclear propulsion programs. The legislation could adversely affect

our relations with our European allies, impact upon the civilian nuclear power industry, and raise questions regarding the use of radioactive substances in medical diagnosis and treatment.

The Federal government has been extremely reluctant to release documents relating to the nuclear tests. Requests by atomic veterans for their medical records under the Freedom of Information Act have been denied on grounds of national security. Mountains of documents remain classified; some have been destroyed. The Warren documents, though declassified long before their discovery, are a unique find. One cannot help wondering what horrors are described in the Crossroads documents that are still classified.

In response to a flood of scholarly studies critical of the nuclear testing program, a lawsuit by Utah residents claiming to have been harmed by downwind exposure to tests in Nevada, the growth of the nuclear freeze movement and increasing political pressure from atomic veterans, the government recently decided to take the offensive and write its own history of nuclear testing. The Department of Energy has undertaken what purports to be the definitive study of safety measures in the nuclear testing program. It has contracted with Reynolds Electrical and Engineering Company to produce the study, although Reynolds is itself a nuclear contractor; and the company has hired historian Barton Hacker to write a book entitled *Elements of Controversy: A History of Radiation Safety in the Nuclear Weapons Test Program*.

Meanwhile, the Defense Nuclear Agency (D.N.A.) has been compiling data on nuclear tests from various military and civilian sources and has subcontracted with several private firms to prepare reports on each of the major tests, including Operation Crossroads. Will those reports or Hacker's book include the Warren papers and similarly disquieting data?

Although the Air Force claimed in a recent letter to Massachusetts Representative Gerry Studds that the D.N.A. possesses the "best collection of data available on nuclear tests," it doesn't seem to have the Warren papers. Researchers who have filed F.O.I.A. requests with the D.N.A. for data on Crossroads have been unable to obtain the Warren documents. At the subcommittee hearings, D.N.A. director Lieut. Gen. Harry A. Griffith was asked about the papers. The general said he had no knowledge of them but went on to assure the subcommittee that the "overwhelming majority" of test participants received tolerable doses of radiation. The complete breakdown of safety described in the Warren papers, and D.N.A.'s professed ignorance of them, contradict Griffith's assertions.

As with diplomatic or Presidential history, the so-called "private" collections of documents possessed by principal participants in nuclear tests may provide a fuller account of events than the public papers reposing in the files of the Federal bureaucracy.

Whether the Warren papers turn out to be a single nugget from a larger vein of history or a one-of-a-kind find, their impact on the politics of nuclear testing is likely to be considerable. □

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Families or 'The Family'?

JANE O'REILLY

THE BATTLE FOR THE FAMILY. By Tim LaHaye. Fleming H. Revell Co. 252 pp. \$6.95.

THE WAR OVER THE FAMILY: Capturing the Middle Ground. By Brigitte Berger and Peter L. Berger. Anchor/Doubleday. 252 pp. \$14.95.

IN DEFENSE OF THE FAMILY: Raising Children in America Today. By Rita Kramer. Basic Books. 263 pp. \$15.50.

INVENTING MOTHERHOOD: The Consequences of an Ideal. By Ann Dally Schoken. 360 pp. \$19.95.

THE HOME FRONT: Notes From the Family War Zone. By Louise Armstrong. McGraw-Hill. 256 pp. \$14.95.

Goodbye, Age of Aquarius. Hello, Age of Humbug. So long, civil rights movement. Ta-ta, poverty as a problem. Farewell, feminism.

Especially farewell, feminism. Bring on instead "post-feminism," a word that should have meant a period of continuing adaptation to permanent change. Instead, post-feminism is being used to mean "Whew! Thank heaven that foolishness is over." Since feminism is neither foolish nor over, a certain amount of heavy-duty attack is needed to try to stamp it out. Thwack! Thump! Bam! The weapon is sentimental homily. "But ladies," we are told, "The Family is in crisis." It's an old, old song, and it always means "Biology is destiny. Go home."

In the summer of 1980, at the dawn of the Age of Humbug, a series of contentious events took place known as the White House Conference on Families. Amid a welter of cross-purposes, in which poverty, malnutrition and day care vied for attention with abortion, homosexuality and prayer in the schools, the one issue that took on metaphoric status was the question of whether the conference should refer to "families" or "The Family." The left, arguing that "families" acknowledged the varieties of people's real domestic

arrangements, carried the day. It was to be the last time the left was heard from for quite a while.

Meanwhile, the ascendant right gathered at an alternative "American Family Forum," in Washington. Organized by Jerry Falwell and Paul Weyrich, it featured seminars on such topics as marital chastity, and a banquet starring Jesse Helms. Some weeks later, the "pro-family" views expressed at the forum reappeared in Detroit, hand-somely printed up in the Republican platform.

One of the forum's highlights was a rousing tirade delivered by the Rev. Tim LaHaye, who pursues his ministry in El Cajon, California, and reaches out to the nation through his Family Life Seminars, available from Cassette of the Month. His particular contribution to solving the problems of modern life has been the identification of the all-pervasive evils of secular humanism. He contrasted two charts, each showing a pyramid of books. One chart (the good one) assembled atop the books of the Bible three great blocks of God, Creation and Morality, rising to a globe marked by a cross and titled "Compassionate World View." The other chart (the bad one) showed books by Bertrand Russell, Plato, Montaigne, Voltaire and Rousseau supporting Atheism, Evolution and Immorality, which rose to a globe surrounded by the epithet, "Socialist One World View." LaHaye assured the gasping crowd: "That's why your children are the way they are today, because of those two men, Voltaire and Rousseau."

The Battle for the Family contains these and other entertaining charts. However, although LaHaye still calls humanism "Family enemy number one," he has identified a strong rival for the title: feminism. It causes insecurity, blurs sex distinctions and destroys femininity; it "creates unnecessary competition between husband and wife" and "unnecessary dissatisfaction with being a housewife and mother."

Other troublemakers in the body politic for LaHaye are government, the "rising Elite Bureaucracy," public schools, TV, pornography, drugs, rock music, homosexuality, easy divorce, the media, materialism, urbanization and

"Ignorance of Family Life Principles." His solutions include stressing the three purposes of the family suggested by Michael Novak: to raise children, to provide a home with opportunities for individual development and to teach moral values (the moral value he has in mind is respect for authority, meaning patriarchy). LaHaye suggests a voucher system to solve the problems of parents who distrust the public schools, and "discipline" to solve the problem of disrespectful children. He warns, "Parents need to be particularly cautious today when disciplining their children, because some humanists in government spend all their time ferreting out and attacking parents who believe in discipline, accusing them of child abuse."

East Coast sophisticates may dismiss LaHaye as a right-wing religious fanatic, but there is no serious difference between the opinions and prescriptions expressed in his book and those offered by Peter and Brigitte Berger and by Rita Kramer. All share the same view of a proper society, presented with icky-poo sentimentality, smug rectitude and disregard of reality.

The Bergers (both professors—he at Boston University, she at Wellesley College) and Kramer (author of books and articles on child rearing) are comparative latecomers to the antifeminist backlash. One can imagine the genesis of their books. The authors were probably sitting around the hearth one night (the *family* hearth), and suddenly they realized: "Hey! These far-out folks are winning elections. Why don't we give them some intellectual underpinnings?" Fresh territory for those who live—as Norman Podhoretz always puts it—in the World of Ideas.

The Bergers' "idea" was to write a defense of the bourgeois family. "It was in the bosom of the bourgeois family that the Protestant virtues, with their affinity to capitalism, were nurtured," they state in a straightforward declaration of priorities. "We have reached the conclusion that there is no viable alternative to the bourgeois family in the contemporary world. The values of this institution are among the great human achievements of our civilization, and as such they are worthy not only of respect but of a concerted practical defense."

Not until page 209 do they admit that such a defense is perhaps unnecessary.

Jane O'Reilly is the author of *The Girl I Left Behind* (Bantam).

Expressing their personal preference for the bourgeois family, they observe that "the great majority of people in Western societies share this preference. Therefore, if one wants to foster the bourgeois family, the best course to take is to give people freedom of choice. Most of them will choose bourgeois values and bourgeois life-styles, especially people in the 'targeted' groups of the poor and disadvantaged." That assumption is probably true, and one of the great struggles of the last twenty years has been to make such a choice economically possible for those "targeted" and disadvantaged groups. That fact, however, has not caught the Bergers' attention—which is not surprising considering the book's preface gives thanks to the Mediating Structures Project of the American Enterprise Institute, to Michael Novak and to Nathan Glazer. The Bergers seem to consider the civil rights movement, the war on poverty and the women's movement both unsuccessful and unnecessary. To them, the 1960s saw only a regrettable "redefinition of miscellaneous private woes as public ones—and that means as problems to be dealt with politically." They believe those "problems" were invented "by Ivy League intellectuals, New York media types, and Washington politicians."

In their effort to capture the middle ground, the Bergers are elaborately disdainful of Moral Majority conservatives, the left and most particularly the "New Class," or "knowledge class"—"the people who derive their livelihood from the production, distribution and administration of symbolic knowledge . . . the vast educational system, the therapeutic helping complex, sizable portions of government bureaucracy, the media and publishing industries and others." The New Class, in other words, contains almost anyone in the middle class who does not hold a white-collar corporate job. The idea of a pushy New Class, so popular with neo-conservatives, is peculiar, not to say bigoted. Surely not all journalists, foundation presidents and day-care workers are swine? Perhaps the Bergers, being themselves members of the New Class, are more aware of its limitations, but their dismissal even of themselves leaves them with a very small middle ground on which to perch as they romanticize working-class and ethnic families as being (relatively) free of decadence. Down below, in the real world, such families continue to suffer unemployment, poverty, alcoholism, sickness and trauma—

about which the Bergers have nothing to say.

The Bergers did not approve of the 1960s and 1970s. Women and students talked dirty. Feminism gave credibility to alternative life styles, which ultimately led to the "moral relativism" of the word "families." They are satisfied to report that feminism "has come to be associated with political losers and discredited utopians." It is sometimes difficult to tell exactly what the Bergers mean. Their use of language is in the finest tradition of "New Class" obfuscation: "We would stress once again the middle-class/bourgeois roots of the great majority of these counter-modern movements. In that, too, counter-modernity resembles hyper-modernity. Both are disintegrative (one might also say decadent) developments from within the bourgeoisie. Their greatest influence has accordingly been in the upper-middle class strata of Western societies." Within the context of the chapter that contains this quote, it appears that the Bergers would object to hippies, open shirts and gold chains on men, dope, sex, communes and probably short skirts, Brooke Shields in tight jeans, and fuschia fingernail polish. To object to those things—especially to Brooke Shields in tight jeans—is to object not only to degeneracy, but to free-market capitalism. This contradiction the Bergers fail to resolve, or even to notice.

They do approve of educational vouchers as a free-market counterforce to "monopolistic education" and to "public relations gimmicks like PTA." They are fond of the image of the Madonna and child, but sternly express preference for "the wealth of human values" conveyed by the "litany: father-mother-child." They hope "that many [women] will come to understand that life is more than a career and that this 'more' is above all to be found in the family," although they are forced to report that "interestingly," studies show that wives with paid jobs are happier than those without them.

Rita Kramer doesn't believe women with jobs are happier for one single moment: "Is there really much that most women find to do in the work force that is worth giving up shaping the next generation for?" she keens. By "shaping," Kramer means instilling the "traditional values of the middle class," and in *In Defense of the Family* she seeks to persuade women that this is both a full-

time job and a sacerdotal mission.

Most people want their children to grow up just like themselves, only better, but the degree to which the Bergers and Kramer believe themselves to be the perfect prototypes is extraordinary. Kramer, whose book acknowledges the help of Midge Decter and Diane Ravitch, is so attached to the notion of duplication that probably only cloning would meet her specifications. Short of that, twenty-four-hour proximity to mother will have to do.

Purposefully nonspecific about daily child-rearing problems, Kramer reads like a pamphlet from one of the better diaper services, circa 1936. Mom has her role, and Dad ("usually more comfortable than mothers with rough-and-tumble play, more easily able to deal with aggression") has his. None of that Free to Be You and Me stuff for Rita Kramer. "Unless one is guided by a political agenda requiring a society in which as few distinctions as possible remain between individuals or groups, it is hard to deny that sex-linked biological predispositions exist."

Kramer's guiding principles should affect a new mother about the same way postpartum depression does: she's supposed to feel happy and fulfilled, but instead she feels terrified and restricted. The author's political agenda is to keep Mom at home crouched over the crib, fully engaged in that impossible task, providing "the right kind of love." In spare moments, Mom can consider Kramer's requirements for the right kind of family: "An essentially nurturing woman and an essentially effective man who raise children in a situation of mutual devotion to each other and to their children." They must impose limits and keep a wary eye on the "new class of bureaucrats" who run the schools. Educational vouchers would help here, but Mom is still responsible for deviance. A boy who shows signs of homosexuality should be "firmly guided toward competent professional help." He, and any adolescent with problems, are "a sign that all has not gone smoothly in early childhood and latency."

It is too bad that the Bergers and Kramer are so smug, sentimental and strident. People, not only right-wingers, are absolutely furious about the state of the schools, about what is on television, about the imperiousness of the helping professions. But it is twaddle to blame the situation on a loss of traditional values, and futile to suggest the solution lies in putting women back in the home—

and, by unavoidable implication, keeping men out of it. Denouncing alternative life styles does nothing to solve the issue of women's enforced economic independence. Not one word is spoken in these books about the feminization of poverty, or the fact that 25 percent of America's children live in poverty. Are we to believe this is because they are insufficiently Protestant? Bah, humbug!

Inventing Motherhood, by Ann Dally, is a useful antidote for any working mother who comes down with the whims after encountering Kramer. The author, a British psychoanalyst who has six children, describes the creation of the modern middle-class motherhood ideal, which carries within it almost instant denigration. If a woman's only purpose is to mold the next generation, then women are presumed to be good for nothing else, and, since they are, after all, only women, what they are presumed to be good at is considered to be not worth doing either. This double bind leaves mothers isolated and unsupported, a situation that can literally drive them, and their children, crazy. The psychological and social consequences of the middle-class ideal are not news (*The Feminine Mystique* was published in 1963), but given the present neotraditionalist haze, it is useful to have them set out again. Compare Kramer's rosy vision of modern maternity, in which feminist propaganda is the only cause of dissatisfaction, with Dally's down-to-earth assessment:

If the mother is temperamentally unsuited to a cloistered life with small children, how does she survive? The answer is that if she survives, she does so at the expense of herself, or her child, or both. . . . Mothers and children from families that are isolated from others often have serious difficulties. In my experience this is often particularly true of families who describe themselves as "close" and pride themselves on being so. Being a "close family" is often a means of building a little personal world as a defense against the outside world with virtually no connection with it. In this father often reinforces mother and finds there his own escape and his own compensations. The trouble is that the close personal world can only last for a few years while the children are growing up. Sooner or later the children have to go out into the outside world for which they are unprepared, armed only with what they have absorbed of their parents' personalities which may be insufficient or unhelpful

in the outside world, making contact with it impossible.

Unfortunately, Dally is only a quasi feminist. "Why do women not see that in motherhood lies their power," she wonders at the end of the book, which

has lavishly explained exactly why. By not holding motherhood in sufficiently high regard, she believes, "the women's liberation movement has failed mother." On the contrary, feminists consider parenting so important that we

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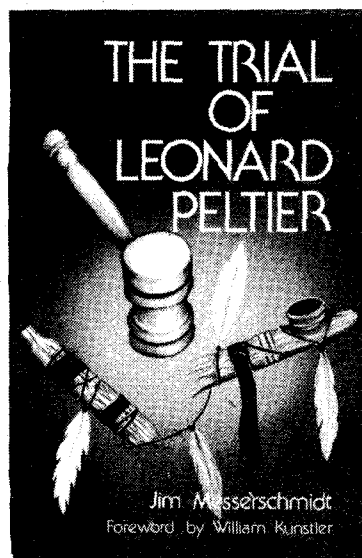
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are eager to share the experience with fathers and with the general society. To our surprise, this idea has produced a backlash on the order of the Counter-Reformation.

Louise Armstrong's *The Home Front* is no lace-doily tract on what *should* be. She writes with skill, energy and a clarifying rage about what *is*—domestic violence. Secular humanism or inadequate mothering have nothing to do with a man who penetrates his toddlers' bodily orifices with a screwdriver, as does the father in a case Armstrong refers to throughout her book. But we do come here to some of the specific roots of the right's and center's and left's generalized rage against the New Class. The therapeutic state, that Frankenstein's monster of left-liberal good intentions, does in fact often render a family in trouble powerless, by destroying the troubled parties' faith in their own instincts and common sense, by bureaucratic incompetence and by the arrogance of "expertise." Armstrong makes clear that women—the idealized and denigrated—are particularly powerless when confronted with the helping hordes: "Women who chance to become victim-wives or the mothers of victim-children find themselves, pre-diagnosed, suspect in the eyes of a system which renders them powerless and then mocks their powerlessness. Low self-esteem, indeed."

In her most horrifying example, the divorced mother of the children brutalized by their father fought so long and so hard to keep them from him that the various professionals assigned to the case finally decided she was the crazy one, and the father, an apparently respectable citizen, got custody. The effect of a public policy dedicated to saving The Family at all costs can be lethal. And, as Armstrong notes, "We were already well down the road to blaming the victims, to rehabilitating them back into the abusive home, before the new politics of the family made these goals explicit."

There is a profound difference between a family in crisis, and The Family in crisis. One family in trouble tests the compassion, commitment and capacity of the community to respond in a humane way—whether that community is one's neighbors or one's fellow citizens and taxpayers. The Family is, by comparison, an empty slogan, useful only as a tool for social control, and rarely applicable in real life. □

Love-It-Or-Leave-It Lit. Crit.

TOM CHAFFIN

THE AIR-LINE TO SEATTLE: Studies in Literary and Historical Writing About America. By Kenneth S. Lynn. University of Chicago Press. 227 pp. \$17.50.

Eleven years before he left America, George Santayana rose at Harvard to mock the preoccupations of his colleagues. It was October 1900: McKinley was seeking a second term, the Philippines had just become ours and Secretary of State John Hay's Open Door Policy promised an Asian branch-office for America's Manifest Destiny.

So why, Santayana wondered, were the sissies in Cambridge still rehearsing the tired old moral concerns of Emerson and his ilk? No matter, he answered in gentle doggerel:

Yet the smoke of trade and battle
Cannot be banished hence,
And the air-line to Seattle
Whizzes just behind the fence.

According to Kenneth S. Lynn, today's professoriat wears the mourning suit of a self-pitying anti-Americanism. Other than that, he finds little that has changed since Santayana attacked the "genteel tradition" in American thought. Academic nervous Nellies remain dubious about imperial adventures in exotic lands and are still hung up on Jeffersonian values. Some still continue to affirm the worth of independent intellectual inquiry, even when it leads to conclusions that oppose the wisdom of the marketplace.

The Rail-Line to Sing Sing might have been a more apt title for this outing. In these sixteen essays, Lynn, who teaches history at Johns Hopkins University, seems ready to convict and sentence without trial those he indicts: Garry Wills, Justin Kaplan, Ronald Steel, Eugene Genovese, Malcolm Cowley and Christopher Lasch, among others. Their crime: fostering a way of thinking and a scholarship that, when not mired in total irrelevance, seeks to vilify America as a culture of greed, racism and imperialism.

Tom Chaffin lives in San Francisco. His essays and reviews have appeared in *The New York Times Book Review*, *Outside* and other journals.

Lynn is an able writer with an impressive command of his field. He is also a gifted stylist, capable of artful sentences, like this description of Bernard Bailyn, author of *The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution*: "From high above the tree line of Tory-Whig partisanship, he sees and understands and sympathizes with everyone who played a part in the Revolution, the winners and losers alike."

Lynn knows a lot, and no student of American culture will leave these essays without learning something. Contentiousness and sarcasm, however, blunt his persuasive powers. Charges are made, facts marshaled—but often not in a manner germane to the subject at hand. It should be noted that many of these essays appeared originally in *Commentary* and bear the same sense of fair play for which that journal is known. Lynn frequently attempts to use biographical information to undermine the point of view of authors with whom he disagrees. A flashy prose and a sleight-of-hand polemic, however, do not a convincing argument make, and Lynn's ad hominem spitballs usually whiz by as sophomoric distractions.

He seems incapable of acknowledging that his ideological opponents might be possessed of any measure of intellectual integrity. C. Vann Woodward's admiration of Southern Civil War diarist Mary Chesnut, an affection not shared by Lynn, is dismissed as a function of Woodward's professional defensiveness as a historian from the South who lives in the North. Woodward won the 1982 Pulitzer Prize in history for his edition of Chesnut's Civil War diary—called a hoax by Lynn. What exercises Lynn is that Woodward's edition is based largely on a narrative undertaken by Chesnut twenty years after Appomattox. Lynn's literary sleuthing and personal insinuations are beside the point, though, since in his introduction and in copious annotations throughout the book, Woodward freely acknowledges the book's complex textual history and the problems and advantages that come with what he calls a "simulated diary" that is nonetheless based on a contemporary, albeit fragmented, account of events.

Similarly, Lynn suggests that Frederick Lewis Allen portrayed the 1920s as a lavish period in *Only Yester-*



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OF ISLAND ANIMALS

It's the lean legged egrets
which make me think most of risk,
of this tenuous world so near the marshes.

What ruthless lives they lead
alighting each day near a different cow,
their slender bills prodding the center of one's head,

another's spine, preening that small spot
in the herd for a day,
until months have lapsed and these simple birds

have had them all, tasted each in our herd
and abandon this island for another.
That they live such frugal lives is plain

as they lift over our marshes,
their ivory wings folding beside them.
That's how we are: our own lives as tentative.

This morning I think of you everywhere,
Of my habit of restlessness,
how I've locked you away from me

and come like the hungry birds to this island,
a consequence of desire and desired distance.
That I see you in the faces of small animals

makes me know I must let you go,
that the risk which draws
me here is like a wind:

Once unloosed it spends itself.
For nights I have listened to the wild mink
slinking beneath my cabin, preying

on the remembered taste of his first hen,
her crimped wings, that tender world
which inhabited itself so compactly.

He had our nine hens,
waited a spell, then
returned for the single wild dove

which thrived among them,
the peculiar one to the hungry mink.
That's how our love is:

at first the parted lips
humming and brimming with song,
the quiet middle time,

the eventual abandon.
What the egrets and mink share
is a world which rewards them,

something invented and fresh
each time they return to it,
and hold it in their beaks and jowls.

But it, too, wells before them
like the first remembered world,
the one abandoned so long ago.

Tonight my body is a slip of moon,
a leafy glen in autumn
offering its light to you for nothing.

Henri Cole

day because his own small-minded Calvinism led him to look for an age of national sinning that would explain the punishment inflicted by the Great Depression. In "Speaking for Whitman," Lynn admires Walt Whitman's support of the war with Mexico but condemns his probable homosexuality and belittles him because, as the national poet, he is read mostly by intellectuals. This paradox, of which Whitman was well aware, is by now so hackneyed that its studied invocation by a critic as smart as Lynn is puzzling.

Lynn's shrillness often prevents him from dealing with complexities, subtleties and paradoxes in the works of others. In "Falsifying Jefferson," a fourteen-page tirade, he becomes so obsessed with the political implications of *Inventing America*, Garry Wills's re-reading of Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, that he misses its main point:

But Wills does not build a credible case. Far from being a careful work of scholarship, *Inventing America* is the tendentious report of a highly political writer whose unannounced but nonetheless obvious aim is to supply the history of the Republic with as pink a dawn as possible. That his book has been prominently reviewed and lavishly praised—by academic authorities no less than newspapermen—is a telling indication of the intellectual temper of the times. In an age of ideology, the inventions of ideologues have come to seem plausible, even though they are fantastic.

Perhaps the critics who praised *Inventing America* did conspire to defraud the American public. Perhaps Wills's contention that Jefferson saw collectivity, not individuality, as the foundation of our democratic society is an ideological mirage. But Lynn does not prove those suppositions. In fact, he does not even present a fair account of the central argument of Wills's judicious study—that a careful reading of Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence points toward a very different conclusion from that suggested by a reading of the finished product, the one edited by Jefferson's Congressional colleagues and, not incidentally, the one from which most Jefferson scholarship issues. Lynn does not even mention that there were two versions of the Declaration of Independence.

When Lynn does his homework, he can be impressive. "The Rebels of Greenwich Village," the longest essay in

the collection, looks at the activists and artists who inhabited that neighborhood during the early part of this century. With solid scholarship, Lynn shows that many of these rebels had highly urban, affluent and educated backgrounds—thus debunking the common notion that the Village's "little Renaissance" was primarily a revolt against small-town America and its values. In "Hemingway's Private War," Lynn skillfully dispatches some misconceptions about the role of World War I in shaping Hemingway's consciousness as a writer.

Lynn's conservative rebuttal to what he views as the left orthodoxy of the American Studies establishment would be more convincing if he were more willing to grant other writers their complexities and less willing to sacrifice irony for ideological stridency. But conservative writers, of course, hold no lock on such failings. Smug, off-putting prose fills the journals of the left as well. *The Air-Line to Seattle* is a case study in how a good writer can be undone by rhetorical bluster. If only in that, it is a book of enormous utility. □

Two Views of Love in Vermont

EDMUND WHITE

THE MADNESS OF A SEDUCED WOMAN. By Susan Fromberg Schaeffer. E.P. Dutton. 578 pp. \$16.95.

The inexpert first impulse of beginning novelists is to present the action in long, sustained, discrete scenes—the dramatic method. Perhaps plays, movies and television have shaped the vernacular of storytelling into just such staged confrontations, despite the fact that summarizing scenes seldom occur in life and are usually self-consciously theatrical when they do.

Truer to experience and far more flattering to the medium of fiction is the patient accretion of detail: the slow sedimentation of dailiness, of variations on the themes of work, love, jealousy and breakfast. Susan Fromberg Schaeffer has mastered this technique perfectly. The very length of her book (578 pages closely printed and without paragraph breaks in exchanges of dialogue) gives her the room necessary, as Cynthia Ozick has observed of this novel, "to raise the densely natural to the powerfully mythic."

At the heart of the novel beats the fibrillating pulse of an obsession. Set at the turn of the century and based on an actual case, the plot unfolds in the cold clarity of Vermont. We watch the adolescent Agnes Dempster, an aristocrat with an extravagantly romantic nature, fall in love with the obdurate Frank Holt, who is determined to be dull nor-

mal. Agnes has left behind her prosperous, eccentric family of farmers in North Chittenden in order to earn her own way as a seamstress in Montpelier. Frank lives in the same boardinghouse as she and supports himself by sculpting gravestones at the quarry, "death's factory."

Because the tragedy of Agnes's passion for Frank takes hundreds of pages to unfold, its intensity and single-mindedness seem easy to understand, unremarkable, ordinary. The geological torpor of change and development tranquilizes our objections until we become accomplices to Agnes's vengeful, jealous and proud possessiveness.

Agnes shoots her rival, Jane, and attempts to kill herself but fails and is brought to trial. Schaeffer renders the court proceedings in scrupulous detail. Only now do we recognize how irresponsible has been our acceptance of Agnes's strange actions (her obsession with Frank, the dreamlike languor with which she stalks Jane). Lawyers, friends, her father, a psychiatrist—all speculate about Agnes's motives. Motives? What motives?

Suddenly we're plunged back into the world of cause and effect, of hypotheses and patiently revised plausibilities, the world of character, of choice, of freedom. What had felt to us, as insiders, like the lava-like flow of desire and the unwilling emergence of fated violence is now converted into a chain of intentions. By giving us this double vision of the same set of actions, Schaeffer reminds us that we are all the custodians of a double metaphysical standard: one which we apply to others (intentionality) and one which we use as an alibi for ourselves (inevitability).

Edmund White is the author of A Boy's Own Story and the soon-to-be-reissued States of Desire: Travels in Gay America (both from Dutton).

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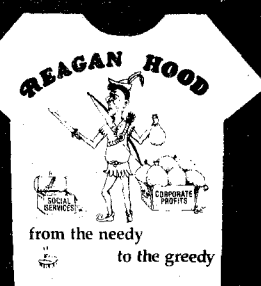
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Lived from the inside, a life does not come into sharp enough focus to pinpoint choices; only other people choose, are free; only they are clean-cut characters in tidy novels of their own devising. *The Madness of a Seduced Woman* (note the lurid, melodramatic title, offered as a diagnosis by the trial psychiatrist) puts us through two steps—first, complete identification, to the point of the blurring of character outlines; then, complete objectification, the scientific, legal, bureaucratic study of this person we have become. When the words that make the title are first pronounced, we greet them with both relief (ah! there is a name for this turmoil) and irritation (but no real feeling can be so dismissively labeled). The psychiatrist describes his interview with Agnes in the hospital:

As she talked, I could not help but think of how saints describe how they

consecrated their lives to God. The girl seemed to think of Frank Holt in religious terms. He was, as far as I could tell, her savior and he would redeem her and save her from whatever she feared; he would remove all imperfections from her. When he told her he no longer wanted her, she felt as if he were destroying her soul.

Yes, we concur with a squinting distrust, a queasy discomfort; yes, there is a religious element in great love—but for the mystic or the lover, the burning point of contact with God or Frank cannot be reduced to these worn phrases.

Many books (trashy ones) blandly accept the genre of romantic fiction without a pause—they repeat every cliché. But serious books, such as this honest, intelligent novel, re-examine the clichés by observing even the most hackneyed situations with a deeper, more powerful vision. □

'The Salted-Peanut Effect'

LESLEY HAZLETON

THE SHRINKING OF AMERICA. By Bernie Zilbergeld. Little, Brown. 307 pp. \$17.50.

If you're in therapy, this book will make you nervous. If you're a therapist, it will make you more nervous still—at least, it should. In *The Shrinking of America*, Bernie Zilbergeld sets himself up as the Ralph Nader of American psychotherapy, out to expose it as a morass of hype. And why not? The role's been going begging for a long time.

Of course, it can be argued that Zilbergeld himself knows something about hype. He's been getting plenty of press by criticizing Masters and Johnson—in, among other places, *Forum* magazine, which advertises itself as an international journal of human relations but is in fact mostly plain porn. His forays into *Forum* notwithstanding, his book does contain some important information on what you always suspected but never dared say about psychotherapy.

Here are some of Zilbergeld's charges:

§ There is no evidence that one psychotherapeutic treatment is better than any other for most complaints.

Lesley Hazleton's book on depression as normal experience will be published by Dial next spring.

§ The effective range of therapy is far narrower than most people think.

§ Behavior change as a result of therapy is the exception, not the rule.

§ There is no evidence that longer therapy is more effective than shorter.

§ It is untrue that therapy is at worst harmless: studies show that between 5 percent and 16 percent of patients may be worse off after treatment than before.

§ There is no evidence that professional therapists are more effective than paraprofessionals or, in fact, than a kindly next-door neighbor.

Why then do hordes of people go into therapy? Many, says Zilbergeld, are the victims of "the salted-peanut effect": therapy induces the need for more therapy. In one sample of people currently in treatment, mainly in their early 20s, 64 percent had had previous counseling. Many engage in multiple forms of therapy simultaneously: individual plus group plus "growth experience." Have we become therapy junkies?

It could be. Most people go into therapy—and go back for more—says Zilbergeld, because it gives them warmth and support. The fact that most therapy has no effect on the problems it was intended to solve seems to be irrelevant. Most people appreciate therapy because it gives them a chance to talk about themselves to their heart's content; or because, as in group therapies, it gives

them a place to meet people; or because, as in growth and transcendental therapies, it provides them with "an experience." Very few therapy consumers are critical of their treatment, glossing over dissatisfactions and ignoring the fact that their problems remain unresolved even though therapy was supposed to resolve them. But then, as Zilbergeld points out with what seems to me insufficient force, after spending all that time and energy and money, they are hardly going to admit that nothing happened.

According to Zilbergeld, the salted-peanut effect is due in large part to the vast overexpectations created by therapeutic hype: the continual assault on our sense and senses by therapists claiming that perfection is just around the corner if we'll only buy their books and follow their systems. The expectation of perfection does incalculable damage to self-esteem: "Vast dissatisfaction with oneself is one of therapeutic thinking's most important products." The "responsibility therapies" now in vogue are particularly counterproductive, since the line between taking responsibility for yourself and blaming yourself for circumstances beyond your control is so thin as to be nonexistent in all but theory.

Much of the problem with assessing the results of therapy derives from the difficulty of defining what competent therapy is. Zilbergeld's criterion is behavior change, since he claims that most patients are led to believe they can achieve that through therapy; self-knowledge and self-acceptance do not rank very high in his book. This emphasis on concrete change, which plays down subtler and possibly deeper changes in outlook and understanding, is one reason why Zilbergeld's picture of therapy consumers as gullible junkies is hard to swallow whole. He overstates his case, though it is still a case worth making.

This is not an antitherapy book; Zilbergeld is no Thomas Szasz. Instead, his aim seems to be to establish some sanity in the field of psychotherapy—to establish limits, both of possibility and expectation. Behind the attention-grabbing front, there is a hard core of common sense (common sense being, unfortunately, a rather uncommon quality). Zilbergeld's main point is that "people are basically healthy and resourceful, quite capable of dealing with the trials and tribulations of everyday life on their own or with the help of friends, and are not, as we now seem to

believe, in need of constant monitoring and fixing up by behavioral experts." So relax, we're sane, and if life sometimes hurts—if we feel depressed, anxious, confused and lost—that too is part of being sane. Instead of trying to be the supermen and superwomen of psychotherapeutic myth, flush with the bloom of fulfilled potential and self-actualized awareness, we might do better to make do with simply being human. □

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Buried Inside Extra Egyptology Fen

I don't know any theatrical establishment that exhibits a wider fluctuation of intelligence and skill than the New York Shakespeare Festival's Public Theater. Brilliant, innovative plays and pieces have been done on its various stages, along with some incredibly pretentious and foolish ones. Many of our best actors and directors have begun their careers at the Public and returned there as headliners, but the theater has also been the arena for some of the worst acting and directing anywhere. Herewith a report on three current or recent representative productions.

Thomas Babe's *Buried Inside Extra*, which ran for a while partly on the strength of a mindless rave in *The Village Voice*—Public Theater-goers are likely to be *Voice* readers—is a nearly flawless example of the P.T.'s predilection for the kind of pseudointellectual, pseudodramatic play typified by the works of David Rabe, a great favorite of the management in past years. Babe sets his silly fable in the news room of a big-city newspaper; the large set is crammed with desks, telephones and typewriters—but not, as many reviewers have noted, wire-service tickers, a note of inauthenticity which the script proceeds to deepen.

The action takes place on the paper's last night—its owners are shutting it down—and gets a spurious suspense from a phone call informing the last-ditch staff members that a bomb has been hidden in the building and will go off in a few hours. The staffers, led by a hard-drinking city editor with marital problems, don't seem too concerned, however; they spend most of their time

reminiscing, recriminating and engaging in complicated amatory moves. It's all fuzzy, pointless and dull, up to and including the end, when Babe attempts to clear things up with some arbitrary revelations.

The only bit of interest the evening offered was the presence of several prominent stage and screen actors. Hal Holbrook played the alcoholic editor with his usual blend of the homespun and the mock-sensitive; Vincent Gardenia was his solid professional self as a compositor (I think) with some dark secrets. Sandy Dennis, in a brief appearance as the editor's troubled wife, gave a performance so egregious in its nearly total artificiality, catatonic physical demeanor and sing-song speech that it was either wondrous or demented. I rather think it was wondrous, but it didn't enliven things for more than a few minutes.

Richard Foreman's special kind of avant-gardism is more than fifteen years old. By now, it has made whatever mark it's going to—and that's considerable. I used to think his Ontological-Hysteric Theater was merely an eye-catching appellation, but it turns out to be shrewdly descriptive of his work and ideas. The ontological element lies in his forcing audiences to respond only to what they see and hear—what exists on stage—instead of experiencing theater through a screen of preconceptions and expectations. The hysteric element is his pushing things to extremes: dissonant sounds; violent, unsequential movements; a jangle of words, gestures and emotions.

Foreman's latest work, *Egyptology*, poses the same problems as all his creations, which means the one thing a spectator ought not to do is try to make rational, narrative sense of what goes on. I don't mean you should accept the piece as a purely visual and aural phenomenon, bizarre but "important," the way people do who think they ought to like Foreman but don't; the point is that whatever intellectual sense you make of it is at best arbitrary.

Across a gloomy, grimy, blackish set with a small bar and piano to one side and a hospital room to the other, an Egyptian sarcophagus in a corner and the walls festooned with skulls, skeletons, black feathers and a picture of Mickey Mouse, strolls a portly man in a smoking jacket and a red fez. A diplomat? An Egyptian diplomat? Jungle sounds are heard: bird calls, barks,

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growls, the shrieking of . . . what? The company assembles, the women in tacky twenties' dresses at first, the men in this and that (one's costumed as a weight lifter or strong man); at various times the cast wears Egyptian headdresses or false faces, and carries toy dogs, ice-cream cones or razors.

A woman (Kate Manheim) dressed as an aviator and a man (Seth Allen) dressed rather like an S.S. officer are the only two "characters" who keep a single, if uncertain identity. Much frenetic activity ensues, the group being moved around or stopped in their tracks by whistles, bells and gongs—a familiar Foreman device. Violence is a central theme of the little playlets or sequences they enact; the piece ends with the company squared off in boxing stances.

"Egypt!" someone cries out at one point. Egypt is indeed a motif, if only as a madly imagined place. The aviator says, "I'm too involved in flying over Egypt to pay attention to the pyramids," and I interpret that as a clue to the work: we're all too involved in what we're doing to see anything. But I won't press it. As the piece goes on (it's only a little over an hour), fragments of meaning swirl around, statements or rather verbal scraps are offered: "It was important to me to be a traitor to my own people"; "There is a turbulence in me that I don't think is controllable." Perhaps the most revealing lines, or at least the ones that struck me as central to this occasionally exciting, occasionally arch and mechanically avant-garde work about dread, lust and despair are these near the end: "Will the world continue forever?" "I don't care." "A proper response."

Fen is Caryl Churchill's third play produced here in the last couple of years and, like its predecessors, it has problems. *Cloud Nine* was able to overcome its helter-skelter construction; *Top Girls* was brought down by its confused intentions. *Fen*, written in collaboration with a group of actors, manages to survive as a coherent drama, but just barely.

The play is set in The Fens, a region, a program note tells us, less than 100 miles east of London that had once been underwater, was reclaimed beginning in the seventeenth century and is now "among the richest farming areas in England." In a prologue, we learn that this particular tract has been bought by a Japanese company as an investment, which doesn't seem to have much to do with what follows, except as

additional evidence in Churchill's picture of exploitation: rich land, oppressed workers.

Over a set composed chiefly of a dirt-covered floor sown with rows of potatoes which characters dig from time to time, mist swirls and a gloomy drama—the uncharitable would say melodrama—takes shape. The literal mist is an analogue of the foggiest of the plot, for one is hard put to figure out what's going on. Eventually it's possible to pick out some strands of action in the melange of images, tableaux and short disconnected scenes; the central narrative element being an unhappy woman's leaving her husband and children for a lover, and the new relationship's disastrous end.

Surrounding the personal drama is a wider theme: the destruction of individuality, the elimination of choice in the lives of the farm workers, especially the women. The limit of their dreams shows itself in a young girl's assertion, "I want to be a hairdresser when I grow up . . . and, if not, a nurse," to which a friend replies, "What are you after? The blue bird of happiness?" Before the woman is brutally murdered by her lover, she says, "I have to make something happen," but afterward he tells her ghostly presence, "You should have wanted something different."

There are a number of such affecting moments, but like *Top Girls*, *Fen* suffers from Churchill's ideological fury, from her inability to make what happens issue from an observed social reality, not just illustrate it. One can't quarrel with her passionate indignation, but it too often turns into sermonizing or pseudomystical lyricism ("The earth's awake!" a wraithlike figure cries at the end.) *Fen's* themes and atmosphere reminded me of some of Hardy's novels, of Tolstoy's *The Power of Darkness* and of the plays of Franz Xaver Kroetz. But those works never come as close to bathos as this one does. As I said of Churchill's previous plays, her unmistakable talent is always under siege by her impatience with structure and the wild heterogeneity of her rhetorical gifts. □

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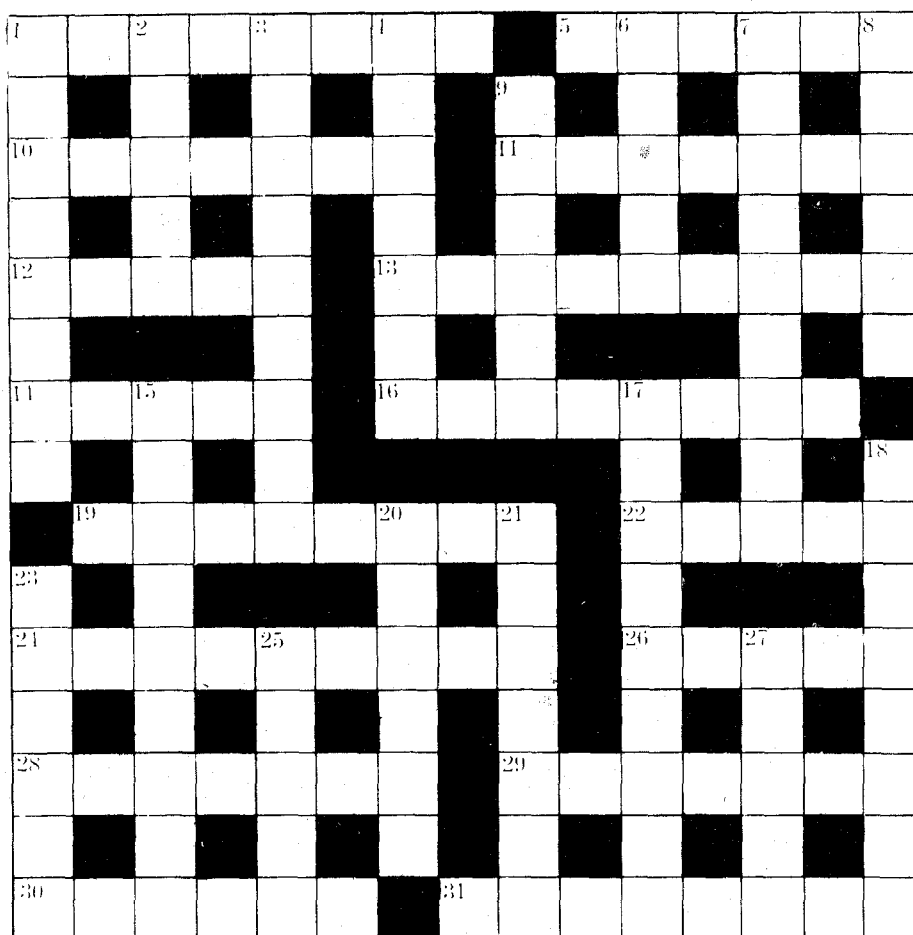
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P	I	R	A	T	E	S	B	A	N	D	A	G	E
T	T	R	M	B	K	U	G						
Y	E	A	I	T	A	L	I	C	O	L	G	A	
I	B	S	N	S	E	R							
S	A	N	D	U	S	K	Y	P	I	T	T	E	D
L	T	S	M	N	E								
O	F	E	D	E	N	R	I	N	G	D	O	W	N
W	N	S	R	N	L	U							
M	A	T	E	C	I	R	C	L	E	T	H	E	
A	I	K	N	E	T	C	X						
T	I	C	K	I	N	G	P	U	R	P	O	R	T
C	E	D	U	I	E	M	O						
H	I	D	E	S	P	I	E	C	E	M	E	A	L

Crossword Puzzle No. 1970

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 and 5 O, might it be intended for a lot of readers? (8,6)
 10 A certain ratio is found in rough games—which might be for the birds! (7)
 11 See 14
 12 Recurring stress with a large number put in the wrong suit. (5)
 13 A bad golfer (one version, at least) can be expected to make a birdie—or more properly, a bird. (9)
 14 and 11 Come in, forcing something to be bold and vigorous. (12)
 16 Team in actuality related to the stars. (8)
 19 Gentle in nature, a wild weed is covered with a superficial whitish growth. (8)
 22 Old cowboy place on the edge of San Francisco. (5)
 24 Sounds like the days of chivalry should be dark. (9)
 26 See 2 down
 28 One might hold the blade, which is all right around Bad Carlo. (7)
 29 A large number with winding trails should be cold and windy. (7)
 30 Traditionally happy in most fairy tales. (6)
 31 A wild tiger, and possibly on the way up! (8)

DOWN

- 1 and 23 You and your spouse might make it together? Come, come! Bind in one fashion! (8,6)
 2 and 26 across One might have it at the corner, being correct of manner. (5,2,3)

- 3 One certainly isn't covered this way. (9)
 4 Transfers certain property, like billboards, for example. (7)
 6 Am put to this to see the country—or a certain plant therein. (5)
 7 A wild cat is a lot like these as a matter of habit. (9)
 8 Strong drink so biblically described. (6)
 9 Didn't quite strike, but did the next best thing. (The loser in mortal combat still might be.) (6)
 15 Set off, perhaps, being shipshape at first and having a sort of greed. (9)
 17 Bridge might be, going back with the rood in the reed. (9)
 18 One is bound to have more than one tongue. (8)
 20 What a small broom does, perhaps. (6)
 21 The beautiful one Foster wanted to get up. (7)
 23 See 1 down
 25 There's a point in turning north here. (5)
 27 No better, but the rising rank takes direction. (5)

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